THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ASTHORE MACHREE.

By day, by night, and in my dreams,
I love you!
The night goes by; the morning gleams;
Asthore Machree, I love you!
The noon shines hot on hill and streams;
The lustrous light of sunset seams,
Sky, mountain, flood, with rosy beams;
I love you!
By day, by night, and in my dreams,
Asthore Machree, I love you!

The changing seasons come and go!
I love you!
The fresh spring winds around me blow;
Asthore Machree, I love you!
The summer laughs in bloom and glow;
The fruity clusters swell and grow;
The moonlight glazes wastes of snow;
I love you!
The changing seasons come and go;
Asthore Machree, I love you!

Pulse of my heart! whate'er betide,
I love you!
You are my treasure and my pride;
Asthore Machree, I love you!
Though seas may part us far and wide,
My soul is ever at your side;
For aye united we abide,
I love you!
Pulse of my heart! whate'er betide,
Asthore Machree, I love you!

For you I'd suffer want and pain;
I love you!
For you my hands with toil I'd stain;
Asthore Machree, I love you!
I'd toss upon the stormy main;
Barefooted, on a stony plain,
I'd wander, houseless, in the rain;
I love you!
For you I'd suffer want and pain;
Asthore Machree, I love you!

Your bosom is my only home;
I love you!
Through change, past, present, and to come,
Asthore Machree, I love you!
My life! my soul! yours is my doom,
In weal or woe, in blight or bloom,
Or in the shadow of the tomb;
I love you!
Your bosom is my only home;
Asthore Machree, I love you!

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

Original Romance.

THE CAVALIER.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,
Author of "Richelieu," "Darnley," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXV.

Lucy Langdale rode on. The proposal to stop and repose at a lone cottage, where a light was still burning, seemed only to revive her powers; and when told that it was necessary that the horses should have some food and rest, she dismounted slowly and unwillingly. It was now past midnight; and when the door of the small building was pushed open and the two ladies entered, they found the first little room tenanted only, apparently, by a pale, emaciated woman, not more, it would have seemed, than two or three and twenty years of age—but upon whose hectic cheek and faded brow, misery seemed to have written ages of painful life. She started as they came in, and raised her hand with a warning gesture, looking towards a small bed in a corner of the room, sheltered by a tattered blanket from the wind of the door.

"Hush," she said, "you will wake her. It is the first sleep for days."

But, as she spoke, several of the men hurried in, demanding aloud some food for their horses, and a small, weak cry came from the little bed. The woman darted to its side, and Lady Langdale turned thither also, saying,

"Be quiet, sirs, be quiet! Do not disturb the poor thing. She has a sick child."

She was not to have one much longer. Startled suddenly by the noise, the dying child awoke, and the mother lifted it carefully to her knee, not seeing or caring who might be around. Lady Langdale and Lucy both hurried to help her; for there was a fearful and unusual sound about the infant's breathing, which both had seen in other cases, and they gave that aid the mother was little capable of giving herself. The child had evidently been long ill; life had sunk to but a flickering flame, and the first rude breath blew it out.

There was a short but violent effort to cough, and then a spasmodic stretching of the limbs, a slight shudder, and it lay upon its mother's knee without motion. She parted the thin flaxen hair upon its forehead, and then looked up, saying,

"God's will be done. It is over!"

"Where is your husband, my poor woman?" said Lady Langdale, while Lucy, with gentle hands did some of the offices of the dead for the poor child. "Have you no neighbors?"

The bereaved mother shook her head mournfully.

"No neighbors for two miles," she answered, "and as for my husband, he is where he always is, at the tavern drinking with ruffians and gamblers, and night poachers. You will find him there as you go on; for, woes me, your people will find neither food nor drink here. Oh, send him back if you find him; and tell him his child is dead. That may rouse him, perhaps."

Lady Langdale gave her some money to "help for the funeral," she said; but the poor thing looked at it, and shook her head, replying,

"He will take it from me; and beat me too, perhaps."

They did what they could to console and advise her; but they were obliged to leave her soon; and Lucy, as was her wont, applied the moral of what she had seen, to her own heart, saying softly to Lady Langdale, as they rode away,

"I have been ungrateful, mother! I will be so no longer."

Two more miles, long miles as they seemed, for the horses were in want of food, and moved languidly, brought them to a larger and apparently better frequented, but still solitary house, where there was a faded garland hanging from a tall pole before the door; and, though it was so late, lights and waking people within. There was a good deal of noise too, and altogether the appearance of the place was not inviting.

Lady Langdale and her party judged it best, on all accounts, to remain without; but some refreshment was needed for the horses, and one of the men went in while the rest dismounted. Several of the inmates then came forth and gazed at the new comers as well as they could, by the pale moonbeams, and the light of the hostler's lantern. Some oats and some thick slices of bread, according to the German custom, were given to the horses; and, to those which Lucy and Lady Langdale rode, a large bowl of ale was supplied—following a fashion then very common in the midland counties of England.

It would have been difficult to say, to what class, or party, or pursuit those who came forth from the house, belonged. The disruption of every old established rule, and the division of society into several well marked parties, left—without taking into account the time-shifting hypocrites who attached themselves to this or that section, as it served their turn—a large mass of loose characters who found in the disturbances of the times an opportunity of indulgence, and a vast scope for license. This was peculiarly the case in those parts of the country where, as was the case with the district through which the little party of Lady Langdale was now passing, the population was sparse, and the severe rule of the religious sects could not be brought to bear. In fact, in every great popular commotion, between the parties struggling for opposing laws, there is sure to be left a large number of persons who have no law at all.

Lucky for Lady Langdale, that she had several stout men well armed in her party! for the men who had been assembled inside the house, after having surveyed them with very suspicious looks, and who might probably have taken advantage of a solitary part of the country and a moment of great confusion had they dared, retired into the ale-house again, except one young man, who remained with the hostler, and whose face was often seen by the light of the moon.

It was not a prepossessing face, though handsome. It was stupid but yet cunning, and there were evident traces of hard drink about the eyes and the corners of the mouth; and Lucette convinced herself that he was the husband of the poor girl they had lately left. As he walked prying about, examining as closely as he could both the horses and the persons of whom the party was composed, he came more than once near Lady Langdale, and once so close that she determined to speak to him.

"Do you know, young man," she said, "one Jabez Brown, about this house?"

"Know him?" said the young man, starting like a guilty thing, "but there is more than one Jabez Brown; and very good folks too. What is he, dame? who is he?"

"He is a young man," answered Lady Langdale, coldly, "who leaves his child to die, and his wife to want, while he spends his time and his money in taverns. You are the man, you know it! Hurry home, hurry home! You will find your poor child dead, and your wife half starving."

"The child dead!" cried the sot; "time I should be home, indeed! I will just take something to keep up my spirits, and run back. Could not your ladyship give me a groat, just for looking to your horses."

"Not for such a purpose," answered Lady Langdale, "you have drunk enough."

But Pierrot, who was standing near, and perhaps had some fellow feeling still, threw the lad a small piece of silver, accompanying it with some good advice, delivered in not the best English that ever was spoken.

The lad darted into the house again, and the moment after he was seen standing near the casement, through which the light was shining, with a horn in his hand, and an elderly man talking to him eagerly.

"You should not have given him anything, Pierrot," said Lady Langdale.

But Pierrot contented himself with saying, "Grief is always dry, Madame, as I know to my sorrow;" and the next moment the bits were put in the horses' mouths and the little party prepared to go on.

The lad and the elderly man came forth, and seemed to scrutinize every person closely, especially the young trooper who had brought Lord Dartmoor's letter on the second of the month, and was now with the well loved friends to whom it had been sent; but no one said anything: the score was paid, and on they rode.

Still, that night ride was lovely. The moon is up late at that time of year. It is then, as it were, the carnival of the skies, and all the starry crowd go revelling till day comes in; but Lucy Langdale knew little of the scenes through which she passed. She was too weary; she was too woebegone to mark anything distinctly. Hill and dale went by, brown moor and richly cultivated land, without producing any definite impression, like clouds reflected as they skim past, from a piece of shining water. She sought to think, but she could not. She sought to recall the incidents in the little cottage where the child had died before her eyes, and to fix the moral she had drawn upon her heart, for future support and guidance; but it was all dim, and moving, and misty; and though she could not be said to sleep, she dreamed waking. The objects she passed looked strange unreal forms: a tree became the sail of a ship, the shocks of corn tables laid out for a feast; the river that flowed by a troop of cavalry in bright armor. Some were gay and pleasant, or homely and insignificant images, some were very sad as slight recollections of terrible facts clung about the exhausted brain—battles and executions and funerals.

During the latter part of the time that this state lasted, Lady Langdale rode on one side of her child, and the monk on the other in earnest conversation, begun by the former seeking some information of the latter who was unable to tell her anything; but it continued on matters of deep interest, as it appeared from their manner. Both spoke in French and the man, who at first answered her questions in grave and solemn tones, became gradually more and more excited, speaking loud and fast, till at length Lady Langdale raised her hand from the rein, saying, "Hush, hush! If it be so, brother, speak low. There are many, here behind, who can understand the tongue you use. But you are mistaken. He bears no rancor. Though sometimes stern and decided, he is kind and generous. My husband needs no repentance, no compensation. An outstretched hand and a kindly word is always sufficient atonement to him."

"My husband!" repeated the monk, "my husband!" and both kept silence till, just as the yellow day was breaking, they rode into the small town of St. Neots. Then, as they came near the little inn, Lady Langdale said, "For heaven's sake, ride up and ascertain if we can rest an hour or two in safety. This poor child is nearly dead with grief and fatigue. We cannot go further without some repose, and Buckley is about twelve miles distant. But be cautious."

The monk rode on to the door of the inn, where an early housemaid was washing down and sanding the stone steps, just as one may see any morning in the present day. The slipshod drawer, or waiter, was soon at the horseman's side; and before he could well hear any questions, addressed to him, inquired, "What news from Worcester?"

"I have none," said the other, "we do not come from Worcester, but from Childs Wickham, where we heard of armies and approaching battle, and were glad to get away from the strife. Have you any tidings?"

"Some say a battle has been fought and the King has won the day," replied the man; "but I judge it is not true. There will be no fight till to-morrow. Noll was too far behind, though yesterday was his lucky day, and he would fight on the third of September if he could."

"Well, Heaven send that we may be able to get out of the way before the strife begins," said the monk; "have you any room where those three ladies can repose for an hour or two, till the horses are refreshed?"

"Surely, surely!" said the other; "though we are not very well prepared for guests so early in the morning, now that the carriers go the other road."

The matter was easily settled. It was evident that as yet no certain news of Worcester fight had reached St. Neots; and Lucy and her mother were led to a large neat room without being seen by any one but the waiter and the house-maid. The latter seemed as stupid as an owl, but the former was quick, gay and garrulous; and his face had a look of good humored frankness, well calculated to disarm suspicion even in those times of doubt and fear.

All that the ladies required was a little rest, but the man and horses needed food, and that was soon prepared. Well warned before hand, those who assembled round the cold beef and ale, kept perfect silence over all the events of the last few days; but the drawer was not without his own suspicions, and he took care to examine closely, though seemingly carelessly, the persons of the guests.

Of the monk he could make nothing. He was unarmed and seemingly a man of peace. The rest were well provided with weapons; but that was nothing extraordinary in those dangerous times, and neither cut or scratch nor drop of blood gave any evidence of recent strife. Baffled in the inn he went out with the hostler to the stable, but there he was not much more successful. The horses had evidently travelled far, and were so weary that, at first, some of them would not eat; but there was no sign of war upon them, and the man was forced to rest satisfied with the conclusion that these early guests were running away from the approaching conflict.

As the morning advanced, however, fresh and fast came rumors, more consistent and truth-like, of the fatal results of Worcester field. The servants of the house, too, began by eight o'clock to appear in greater numbers; and, though most of them had some leaning towards the royal cause, and no great affection for the saints, who in St. Neots busily preached against ale and strong waters and various vanities, of which bar-maids as well as tapsters, are fond, yet curiosity was becoming too much excited to have proved very convenient to Lady Langdale's party, when about ten, the horses were again saddled and the guests upon their way.

Oh, it was a beautiful day, and the ride was beautiful too, not from any picturesque features in the scenery, but from the green peacefulness of the shady hedgerows and the soothing flow of little streams. After a two hours ride, various well known objects began to present themselves to Lady Langdale's eyes. Nor were they totally forgotten by Lucy; for they recalled vague impressions of early years, when she had been there for the last time with her father and mother.

Perhaps the best balm for her bruised heart, at that moment, was the memory of infancy.

Shortly after the hour of noon, the woods and gardens of Buckley house began to appear; and the monk drew up his horse, pointing forward, saying, "There is the end of your journey. I must ride on, for I have other things before me, but if you tarry six and thirty hours, you will see me there. If not, we shall meet again, God willing."

Lucette was about to direct her horse to the front gates; but the monk exclaimed, "By the back way, through the wood! Let no prying eyes see you enter, if you can help it. We have left too many traces of our journey already. But above all, remember your promise."

Lucette bowed her head, and while the monk rode on, the rest of the party took their way through a little beech wood, and entered the court yard at the back of the house.

All the doors, except the great gates of the yard, were locked; and Pierrot rang the bell for some time in vain; but at length, a head appeared at a side window of the floor above, and the moment after, steps were heard running down the stone stairs within the house. Bars were taken down, and keys were turned, and the door was thrown quickly open. In an instant Lucette sprang from her horse and was in her husband's arms; but they were obliged to lift Lucy to the ground; and as her father pressed her also to his heart, her eye wandered past him to some servants who were standing behind.

A spark of hope had lingered. It was gone.

CHAPTER XXVI.

We who write books—ay, even the best of us—are very much accustomed to confine our painting to a single character, instead of giving a broad view of human nature. It is especially the characteristic of the present school and day; but it has always been so, more or less, in every branch of art when it was touching its decline. Murillo lowered himself from heaven's queen and hosts of angels to beggar boys of Seville. Raphael descended—if Raphael could descend—to portrait painting; and Phidias would leave the mightier triumphs of his art to hew a single Grace.

Perhaps he was right. The mind of man is narrow, and can hardly comprehend the larger views of things. The portraits of a hump-backed pot boy, well limned with every patch or speck of dirt upon his coat; a queer costermonger, with a catalogue of every carrot and turnip in his cart, and a glossary of his peculiar dialect, will please more than "Milton's Paradise Lost" or "Tasso's Gerusalemme"—and rightly, too; for the mass of mankind are of small minds, and small minds cannot take in large subjects.

Of course I speak not of myself; for heaven knows I have but rarely and incidentally attempted anything like large views—then quietly attempting to insinuate them upon the reader's consideration, with a sneaking sort of timidity, instead of making them the end and object of the book; but in this work I have especially devoted all my efforts to paint one character, "The Cavalier," and have drawn the ideal from the real; for few will read these pages who have any knowledge of English history without identifying the character of Lord Dartmoor with that of one who lived and wrought and gloried in the times of "the great rebellion."

But this sort of character-painting has its inconveniences, too, as well as its facilities. What am I to do, now that he is off the scene? Having made him the prominent figure, with a very sketchy background, having toned down all accessories, and yet not finished the picture, where are the touches to go which must complete the work?

The only way is to follow history and nature, and work the picture out.

It was the evening of the second day after Lady Langdale arrived at Buckley when the whole party sat in the large drawing-room, upon the first—not the ground-floor of the mansion. The heavy wooden window shutters were up, and indeed had never been taken down; for it was advisable to keep the house as much in the ancient state as possible. The men and the horses were concealed about the stables, and only one had gone out at a time to procure provisions or to make inquiries as to ships upon the sea coast or in the Wash, capable of carrying away a large party from those disastrous shores. Young Henry Langdale was there, with his hand bandaged up, but evidently recovering from his wound; and Lady Langdale and Lucy, very sad, but calm. There, too, sat Sir Edward Langdale, with an open book before him, reading the evening service of the church to his children and his wife—finding that strength and consolation in prayer to the All Powerful, which can but be found when our own strength and power fail. There were some of the servants, too, in the holy equality of worship—the only equality that earth can really ever know, except the equality of the grave.

He finished and closed the book; and then advancing to Lucy's side, he said, in the tones of gentle parental love,

"Let us hope, my child. I know that a state of doubt is often more painful than a fatal certainty; but yet it is necessary for you to view things as they really are. Our gallant Bernard may have fallen; he may be a prisoner in the enemy's hands; but he may be safe, he may be free. Not long ago, I was forced to wander for months through this land with hardly where to lay my head; and yet I rejoined you all safely, and am here this day. I would not encourage hope, Lucy; for as I told you, I saw his horse and himself fall, in the midst of the enemy; but I would discourage despair; for many a man, in worse plight than that, survives for after happiness."

"If he be dead," said Lucy, "I would fain see where they have laid him, and let my tears fall upon his grave. If he be living, a captive or wounded, I would fain be with him. Think, dear father, what may be his sufferings even now, and how he may long for some support!" and she murmured, while the tears overflowed her eyelids, the words of his own song,

"Where is that love, while sad and mangled lying,
On the dark battle field my limbs are cast,
And my crushed heart for long gone moments sighing
Turns faintly back into the happy past."

"What comfort might not his poor Lucy be to him even now!"

"My child, you hardly understand a man's heart," said Sir Edward Langdale. "If Bernard is alive and free, we shall soon see him; but if he be wounded or a prisoner, he would far rather bear his lot alone, whatever it might be, than see you exposed to all the terrible circumstances which your love might prompt you to encounter for his sake—see who is that below," he continued, turning to one of the servants, several of whom were still in the room. "I hear a step upon the terrace."

The man hurried out; and Sir Edward with the rest sat and listened somewhat eagerly; for every one there present well knew that the fate of each and all depended on a moment, or on the most trifling accident.

They had to wait in that sort of painful expectation for several minutes, however; for many were the precautions taken at the open gates at Buckley before any one was admitted, and signs and countersigns were given, as if the place had been a fort; but at length steps came up the stairs, and the servant returned, followed by good old Pierrot, booted and spurred from a journey.

"So soon back, Pierrot!" exclaimed Sir Edward Langdale; "I fear you have failed."

But the man's countenance was gay, and he answered,

"No, no, Sir Edward. I have succeeded. There is a ship—a little one enough, it is true, but still it is a ship; and you have travelled in less I trow;—but a ship is lying at Lynn. The master is a good hearty old Cavalier, and has willingly hired himself to carry over some friends of King Charles. When the tide serves to-morrow, which is about eleven o'clock, he says he will up anchor and sail along the coast, so that if there are some people on the sands, about three o'clock, and they raise a red flag, he will send off a boat to take them on board."

To every one but poor Lucy this was welcome news, but the thought of leaving the shores of England in ignorance of Bernard's fate, and with every reason for the darkest apprehension, came cold to her heart, though she would not by a word of entreaty or remonstrance have imperilled the safety of her brother or her father. A deep sigh was the only utterance she gave to her grief; and Sir Edward proceeded to inquire if Pierrot had found the roads clear, or if the news of the recent battle, now known over the whole land, had created any confusion which might impede their journey early on the following morning.

"All quiet, sir," answered Pierrot; "above Lynn I saw some good folks in knots of six or seven, but on this side there were less people than usual. Indeed, for the last two miles, I only met with one person, and that was odd enough."

Sir Edward Langdale took no notice of the last part of the reply; but Lady Langdale, who was more timid, asked,

"How was it odd, Pierrot?"

"Why, miladi, I saw the fellow twice, close by the gate here," said the man. "I saw him quite plain by the moonlight; and if I am not much mistaken it was that lad we saw at the tavern, to whom I gave a groat—the same bad young fellow whose baby died when we were at the cottage."

Lucette laid her hand suddenly on her husband's arm, saying:

"Listen to him, Edward! The place where we saw this man is more than twenty miles distant. He must have traced us hither."

Sir Edward asked some questions, and seemed satisfied with the answers; but Lucette, who knew him better than any one there, saw a slight shade come over his brow, from which she augured rightly that all was not quite at ease within.

With very loving hearts, it is often a fault to accuse oneself unjustly, if anything goes wrong, in cases where we must act and others must suffer.

Lucette marked the shade upon her husband's brow, and scanned closely all the events which had occurred upon the road in which the young man spoken of by Pierrot had been concerned, without discovering that she had been in error; but still she thought that somehow she must have been wrong. But Edward Langdale, as I have before said, loved as dearly as when she had first given herself to him.—There be some who do not and cannot believe this—a few women and many men—but his love, if not founded and directed simply by esteem, had been strengthened, nourished, perpetuated by respect. We may love a fool for an hour, but no man of sense can love a fool long. In the end, Reason triumphs over Passion.

"Let us take some repose, my love, and set out before daybreak," he said; "I like not this youth's having followed your party; but in such a long and hurried ride, some traces of your course must have been left. You and Lucy retire. Henry must get some sleep if he can. I will give orders that a strict watch be kept; but I trust that, as his Majesty has escaped towards Lyme, Cromwell's attention will be diverted in another course. Now, try for repose—good Heaven! what is that?"

"A petard, Sir Edward," said Pierrot, coolly. "You should know the sound right well. Shall we stand to our arms? We are enough to maintain the house till to-morrow night if they be not in large force."

Before the knight could answer, a number of terrified servants from below rushed into the room by the door on his left hand; and Lady Langdale and Lucy, who were already moving to retire to rest, found the other exit closed by a body of grisly musketeers, with matches lighted.

"Down with your arms!" cried a loud and peremptory voice on the right, as a still larger party of armed men followed the affrighted servants into the room; "down with your arms, or we fire!"

"You are in a great hurry," said Sir Edward Langdale, without moving a muscle; "let me know who commands, and perhaps I may obey."

"Who commands? The Lord General, of course," replied the soldier; "he will be here anon. Down with your arms, I say."

"They are but few," replied the knight, "and such as every gentleman has a right to wear; but as you say the Lord General commands you, to him you are answerable."

Thus saying, he placed his sword and pistols on the table, as did all the rest. Then advancing to his wife's side, he kissed her, and said:

"You had better retire to rest, my love.—These men, of course, will not attempt to stop a lady."

"I opine we must stop every one," said a tall, thin man, in not very military attire; "we have heard that the young Charles Stuart is here, and woman's garments sometimes cover as malignant vipers as he."

"You have heard very wrong," said Sir Edward, coolly; "please God, King Charles is far beyond your reach. But these are ladies—my wife and daughter—and do not look like hardy Cavaliers, I trow."

At that moment another man, apparently an officer, by his dress, pushed by the man at the door, and advanced toward Sir Edward Langdale, saying:

"What is all this? they have offered no violence, I hope?"

"Not actual violence," replied the knight; "but though we have all given up our swords, they would fain prevent these ladies from retiring to their rooms, fearing that a wimple or a hood may conceal the person of the King."

"We have good information that he is here," said the officer, "but methinks, from all I have heard, he is not much like either of those ladies. They may go; but as I perceive this house is divided into corridors, they must submit to have a sentry at the end of that which they inhabit—at least till the Lord General arrives."

"I beseech you, sir, wake them not even when he does arrive," answered Sir Edward, with an air of greater coolness than perhaps he felt. "We have been somewhat startled already to-night by a loud explosion, from which I fear my gates have suffered."

"It was needful to blow them open," answered the other, with a grim smile, "since a petard was the only porter we seemed likely to find. Ladies, good-night! Nay, neither words nor signs, if you please," and not without some show of courtesy he handed Lucy and her mother to the door.

"Now, sir," he continued, returning to Sir Edward, "we must dispose of you and your followers for a few hours, till your case is passed upon by a power superior to mine. We have certain information that those ladies, with several horsemen, passed from Worcester to St. Neots, three nights ago, having young Charles Stuart in their company."

"Your certain information is wrong, sir," replied the knight: "not one of them, that I know of, has ever been at Worcester. My wife, my daughter, and their maid, with a small body of men for their protection, scampered away to St. Neots, probably to be out of the way of strife; but that they ever had his Majesty in their company, or that he is here now, I know to be false. You can search the

whole house if you please. It is of very simple construction."

"We have taken care of all that," replied the officer, with a significant nod. "We shall hear more presently. In the meantime, who is that?" and he pointed to Henry.

"Master Henry Langdale, my only son," replied the knight.

"He seems to have hurt his hand," said the other, gazing fixedly at the youth.

"Yes," replied the knight, dryly, "boys will seek dangerous sports."

"True," said the officer, and then turning towards the young man who had borne letters on the second of the month to Childs Wickham, he asked: "And that lad—who is he?"

"The son of one of my tenants," answered Sir Edward; "stand forward, Richard. This gentleman may soon convince himself."

"Neither the same height nor the same complexion," observed the officer, comparing the youth's features with a written paper he drew from his pocket. "He does not seem to have been in any dangerous sports."

"None that I know of," replied Sir Edward; "the person who misinformed you must have done so in hope of some reward. But I give you my word of honor, as a gentleman and a knight, that King Charles, if you are seeking him, is not here, and never has been."

"Perhaps so," replied the officer, bowing his head; "but we must do our duty. The house must be fully searched; and in the meantime, I must hold all here present, but my own men, prisoners of war, till the Lord General's arrival. I fear we have been led astray. Woe be to those who did it!"

He was a prompt, quick man, and Sir Edward doubted not a good soldier. A separate room near the hall was assigned to the master of the house, and his son and one or two others were placed in chambers near. The chambers were examined well, the doors locked and bolted, a sentry placed before each, and the rest of the men were shut up in a large dining hall apart, and, while the officer and his soldiers proceeded to a stricter search of the house, were left to meditate upon the sudden reversal of all their hopes of an escape on the morrow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1859.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number. For $5, *in advance*, one copy is sent three years—or four copies sent to one direction for one year.

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TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Hewitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
Author of "The Scout."	Mrs. M. A. Denison.
	Author of "My Last Cruise."
	Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

WAS LEE A TRAITOR?

From investigations recently made by Mr. Mr. S. H. Moore, the Librarian of the New York Historical Society, it is alleged to be established that Major General Charles Lee, whose name has been hitherto held in a considerable degree of veneration for his revolutionary services, was really little less of a traitor than Benedict Arnold. It has always been known that Lee was foolishly vain, and almost criminally envious of Washington's superiority—but yet no one has suspected him of absolute treason. So far from that, when he died in this city in 1782, he was followed to the grave by the members of Congress and of the Provincial Council, and interred with all the honors of war. But it is now alleged that when Lee was a prisoner in New York in 1777, and fearful of being sentenced to death as a deserter from the British Army, in which he had previously served, he submitted a plan to General Howe, by which, as he asserted, the cause of the Colonies could be effectually overthrown. This plan is now in existence, and it is said to be, though not signed, "easily recognizable as Lee's style and hand writing." The substance of the plan is given as follows:—

While the bulk of the British army should march on Philadelphia, a division should be posted at Alexandria, Va., and another at Annapolis, Md. His theory was, Pennsylvania taken, New England would give up; that the division at Annapolis would induce Maryland to lay down her arms; that the division at Alexandria would most effectually separate Virginia from Pennsylvania; that the German counties might be detached from the rest of the State, and that Pennsylvania would thus be crushed between these divisions at Alexandria, Annapolis and Philadelphia; the Congress itself be captured, and, as he himself expresses it—"the last spark of the war be extinguished."

We have not examined the proofs of this alleged treachery of Gen. Lee very minutely, but, unless there be something more conclusive than what we have briefly referred to above, we think the question by no means conclusively settled. Granted that the above plan was suggested to the British commander—it does not follow that Lee was sincere in recommending it. Lee might have thought that he could serve the American cause as effectually by giving bad advice to Gen. Howe, as Hushai the Archite did the cause of King David when he gave false counsel to Absalom, and overcame with his specious sophistry the sagacious reasoning of Ahitophel. He might have thought that any movement was better for the Americans than the junction of Howe and Burgoyne—and we all know this, that the course taken by the British, whether in accordance with this alleged advice of Lee's, or not, was, as the event proved, an unfortunate one for them.—Moreover, is it likely that Lee really believed that "Pennsylvania taken, New England would give up;" and that the divisions at Annapolis and Alexandria would work such great results as the conquest of Maryland, and the separation of Virginia from Pennsylvania? It seems to us that the advice given by Gen. Lee was really the advice of a Hushai, not of an Ahitophel; and if that advice caused the departure of the British commander from a wiser policy that had been previously contemplated, Gen. Lee did the cause of American Independence a greater service than he has generally been credited with. As to the question of motive, that should not be decided against his fair fame, except upon the clearest evidence.—In a case of this kind especially, where the charges against a man's integrity are first mooted after his death,—and after the disappearance from the stage of the generation that knew him best—he should be considered innocent until fully proved to be guilty. The simple fact that his own contemporaries did not consider Gen. Lee a traitor, is of itself a strong presumption in his favor. Whether guilty or not, however, let the decision be not made up too hastily. Simple justice demands that the trial should be both deliberate and impartial, before the face of one who bore such a high position in the Revolutionary army, is covered with the black cap of a traitor.

THE OPERA.

The Opera, under the beneficent management of Mr. Ullman, has—to use an objectionable but convenient phrase—been "going it" during the past week, and we—to use a phrase entirely unobjectionable and equally convenient—have been going to it. On last Thursday evening, for instance, we had the felicity of listening to those profuse strains of premeditated art at the performance of Meyerbeer's *Robert Le Diable*—which, by the way, does *not* mean, as Rosa Matilda and young Lorgnette perversely insist on believing, "Robert the Devil," but is equivalent to the English expression, "That devil Robert," or, better still, "That devil of a Robert." This rendering is profane, but correct, as Rosa Matilda and young Lorgnette will certainly find when they have acquired a decent knowledge of the French language—a form of prophecy which, we grieve to say, puts the discovery of our correctness beyond their reach for the forever of this world.

The opera is one of Meyerbeer's finest. Its music is picturesque, scenic, full of bold and grand effects, and corresponds with the dramatic action, which is more than one can say for most operas. On the night referred to, it had the advantage of being superbly sung and acted, which does not always happen. Madame Gazzaniga as *Alice* was above all praise. Her personation of the character, as a dramatic personation, was admirable. For once, *Alice* was represented as a Sicilian peasant girl, purely and thoroughly rustic in all her looks and motions, and not as a high-bred lady or a romantic lay figure. Nothing could have been finer than her electric recoil of superstitious trepidation at the approach of the demoniac *Bertram*, nor her trembling flight from the scene, with her cross held between him and her for protection. Rosa Matilda and young Lorgnette, we regret to say, in their inability to understand the sentiment and conditions of this scene, thought it was meant to be funny, which it certainly was not, and so laughed immoderately, which they certainly were not justified in doing.

As for Madame Laborde, she looked the high-born *Princess Isabella* to perfection, and sang the house into an ecstacy of applause several times.

Signor Stefani as *Robert* labored under the disadvantage of not knowing his part—accidents will happen sometimes in the best regulated opera troupe. But nevertheless Signor Stefani used his fine tenor effectively and acted with spirit. So did Signor Quinto, who lifted the part of *Raimbaldo* out of the supernumerary degradation in which we so often behold it.

Of the great Formes it is unnecessary to speak. Like Lorenzo de Medici, he should be called "The Magnificent." No one can ever forget him as he appears in the character of the baleful *Bertram*, his majestic form clad in black, and the sable cloak with its lurid crimson lining, thrown with sombre grace around him—a figure of infernal grandeur. As usual he sung out of tune, but in the orotund organ-roll of that deep-sounding bass, all defects are lost in the sense of satisfaction.

There was one thing too ridiculous to pass without comment. In the abbey scene, the ghosts of the nuns—hear it, shade of Heloise!—the ghosts of the nuns wore hoops! You could see the balloon bulge of this frightful fashion destroying the traditional lines of the nun's costume. Of course, the whole effect of the wierd scene was utterly ruined by this piece of absurdity. What followed was even more ridiculous. The ghosts, according to the composer's intention, are to throw off their nun's garb, and join in a general bacchanal festivity; but instead, off went the sacred robes, and lo! a troop of ballet-dancers dressed accordingly! It was preposterous, and made the whole scene a farce.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 172—Adults 94, and children 78.

MR. DEMPSTER.

Mr. Dempster, as all lovers of the ballad and the ballad-singer will be glad to know, is with us once more, and brings us this time songs which are songs indeed—the songs from Tennyson's "Princess." Who will not be glad to hear "The Bugle Song" and "Tears, idle tears," sung by that rich and sweet voice—rich and sweet to us as ever was the lute of the lutanist Dowland to the ravished ear of Spenser and Raleigh. Mr. Dempster has also set to music Longfellow's tender poem, "Children," and among other fine things, Tennyson's delicious lilt "Go Not, Happy Day" from "Maud," and the touching dirge "Break, break, break," whose lines are filled with the sigh of the wind, and the sob of the sea. An epicurean feast of music is before us, and all the good cars are surely going! A concert is announced for Wednesday evening, May 18th, at Musical Fund Hall.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.—In the pressure of matter upon our columns this week, we have concluded to omit the "Questions, Answers, &c.," supposing them of less interest to our readers in general than the other contents of the paper.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Years ago Bulwer the novelist, in an uncanny hour, wrote a rhymed satire called "The New Timon" (a title reminiscent of Shakspeare's *Timon of Athens*) in which he, rather unkindly it was thought, and with gratuitous malice, lampooned Tennyson. Only this couplet clings to memory:—

"Let school-miss Alfred pipe her paling strain,
And catch her 'blue fly singing i' the pane.'"

This alludes to the line in Tennyson's "Mariana in the Moated Grange" where intensifying the silence and desertion of the mournful mansion by an enumeration of the few solitary sounds, the poet says

"The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked."

All of which is very fine, though Bulwer couldn't, or wouldn't, see it. His squib is only noticeable because it brought from Tennyson one of the sharpest satires that ever blistered a satirist. Tennyson's rejoinder came out in Punch and begins—

"We knew him out of Shakspeare's art,
And those fine curses that he spoke,—
The old Timon of the noble heart,
Which grandly loathing, greatly broke."

As from the dark magnificence of some uprisen wall of thunder cloud, breaks the quick rattling lightning, so from the bosom of this majestic stanza comes volleying a storm of invective on the devoted head of the unlucky Bulwer. With merciless sarcasm Tennyson shows him off—he, "the *new* Timon,"—against "the old Timon of the noble heart" that Shakspeare gave us:

"So stands the old; here comes the new!
Behold him; a familiar face;
I thought we knew him;—what, it's you—
The padded man that wears the stays!"

"Who killed the girls, and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos as he wrote, etc., etc."

And so it continues in this strain, till Bulwer must have felt more like the hen which Diogenes plucked of its feathers once upon a time in Athens, than like any Timon, Athenian or otherwise. He certainly had good cause to wish he had let "school-miss Alfred" alone.

Now appear THE POEMS OF OWEN MEREDITH, (a beautiful blue and gold edition, published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) Owen Meredith being as everybody knows, the *nom de plume* of young Bulwer; and it is decidedly curious to read from the son of the novelist that lampooned Tennyson, a compliment to the poet that so riddled Bulwer. But here it is:

"Tho' mighty spirits are no more,
Yet spirits of beauty still remain.
Gone is the Seer that, by the shore
Of lakes as limpid as his lore,
Lived to one ceaseless strain

"And strenuous melody of mind—
But one there rests that hath the power
To charm the midnight moon, and bind
All spirits of the sweet south-wind;
And steal from every shower

"That sweeps green England cool and clear,
The violet of tender song;
Great Alfred! long may England's ear
His music fill, his name be dear
To English bosoms long!"

Thus amply and gracefully the son atones for the sins of the father.

It is also curious to notice how deeply Owen Meredith's memory is tinctured with his reading of Tennyson. He has Tennyson's manner, his cadences, his grammar and construction, even his phrases—at least in some of the poems.

"Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth"—

sings Tennyson.

"Accept—not these, the broken cries
Of days receding far from me"—

is Owen Meredith's echo.

"To fool mankind with glorious lies,"

is Tennyson's.

"Despising all these glittering lies,
Which in these days can fool mankind,"

is Owen Meredith's reply.

"And from the grave
Reach forth dead hands to comfort me,"

is in Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Owen Meredith has it:

"Great men reach dead hands unto me
From the grave to comfort me."

Not only in instances like these, nor in phrases like "touch of scorn," "vice of blood," which are peculiar to Tennyson, and found also in these pages, but in whole poems and part of poems does the pupil remember the master. "Misanthropos," for instance, vividly recalls, in its conception and execution, Tennyson's "Vision of Sin," while passages here and there are echoes from "Locksley Hall." So does "Change," and other poems in the section entitled "The Wanderer," recall "Maud." Of course all this only shows that the poet's creative faculty is haunted with the ghosts of his reading. All thought is in a sense quotation, but some of Owen Meredith's has not yet so entirely become a part of his intelligence as to be strictly his own. Other of his poems are as broadly reminiscent of Browning as of Tennyson; and sometimes we come upon evidence that his harp has been charmed by the weird tones of Edgar Poe. In fact, we seldom have so marked an instance of a poet remembering other poets in his composition.

But, though the inspiration is often galvanic, and though there is a great deal of crude versification, and pure prose, and commonplace thought and expression, and not a few "lines of necessity," there are also sad and rich experience, and genuine reflection and remembrance, and some hard-wrung conclusions, with many felicities of utterance, occasional aerial music, many exquisite images, and much gorgeous and vivid word-painting, in the poems of Owen Meredith. The poems are autobiographical, and tell, now in rejoicing songs, now in passionate bursts of remembrance and sorrow, and anon in scoffing and splenetic verse, filled with persiflage and bitter levity, the story of a true-love that did not run smooth. The reader feels that too much is said—the one string is harped on too long; and yet the long monotone of spleen may be well forgiven in return for such lines as these:—

COMPENSATION.

When the days are silent all
Till the drear light fails;
And the nights pass with the pall
Of Love's funerals;
When the heart is weighed with years;
And the eyes too weak for tears;
And life like death appears;

Is it naught, O soul of mine
To hear i' the windy track
A voice with a song divine
Calling thy footsteps back
To the land thou lovest best
Toward the garden in the West,
Where thou hast once been blest?

Is it nought, oh aching brow,
To feel in the dark hour,
Which came, though called, so slow,
And though loathed, yet lingers slower,
A hand upon thy pain,
Lovingly laid again,
Soothing the ruffled brain?

Oh, love, my own and only!
The seraphs shall not see
By my looks that life was lonely;
But that 'twas blest by thee.
If few lives have been more lone
Few have more rapture known,
Than mine and thine, my own!

One could hardly refuse hospitality to a poet who sings like this, or who can feel this truth—

"Blessed the man whose life, how sad soe'er,
Hath felt the presence, and yet keeps the trace,
Of one pure woman!"

Nor could we fail to welcome one who can thus nobly, in three terse lines, like three trumpet-blasts calling to honor, put the proud sentiment of aristocracy—as in this injunction.

"To thee be all men heroes; every race
"Noble; all women virgins; and each place
"A temple; know thou nothing that is base."

So with acclamation, let us pass Owen Meredith, true knight and troubadour, with, let us hope, a bright future of song before him.

A poem of quite another kind than any poem of Owen Meredith's, and yet a true poem, is THE LIFE OF JAMES WATT, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) the inventor of the steam engine, and certainly a captain and conqueror in the magnificent battle which mankind wages in the cause of civilization against the savage forces of Nature. Out of James Watt's brain came a thought which made iron, fire and water into a machine that now, statistics tell us, performs labor in the single country of Great Britain, equivalent to the manual labor of four hundred millions of men! What are the wonders and dreams of Oriental fable, compared to feats like these? Well may the poet celebrate "the fairy tales of science," for what in fairy-land is so marvellous as the results achieved by the scientific thought of such men as Watt?

One of the handsomest books of the day is the MEMOIR OF CHIEF JUSTICE PARSONS (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) by his son, THEOPHILUS PARSONS. It is printed on fawn-colored paper, and the sight of it, as the Irish say, is good for sore eyes. Great names appear in this memoir—historic faces look through these pages—Fisher Ames, John Adams, Hancock, Timothy Pickering, and other statesmen and swordsmen of New England ideas. Great scenes too, glimmer here—for Judge Parsons's earlier years were cast in Old Colony days, Revolutionary days, days of the Essex Junto and the old Federalists, as well as in days not so far gone by. A cursory note or notice like this, can give no sketch even of such a book, but must leave it with the remark that inasmuch as Judge Parsons was one of the greatest of the New England jurists—"the Giant of the Law," they called him—and as his life is extremely well written here, the work is very interesting.

A very note-worthy book is Dr. Francis Lieber's treatise ON CIVIL LIBERTY AND SELF-GOVERNMENT. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.) In a country like this, where every man has a share in governing, every man should have full knowledge of what he has a share in, though this, we regret to say, is not in practice at least, considered at all necessary. However, to such sovereigns as wish to know what they are about in the exercise of their sovereignty, a treatise like Dr. Lieber's will be found highly valuable. A mastery of its contents will certainly enable every person to discharge better the duties of citizenship.

Carlyle's rich style, which so many people scout, while so few people see its poetic power and beauty, is very different from the simple and ordinary style in which he wrote thirty years ago. Since then the soul of Jean Paul Richter has entered into his rhetoric. His LIFE OF SCHILLER, (W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia) is written in his early manner. It is a work which he himself speaks lightly of. "There are books," he says, "as there are horses, which a judicious owner, on a fair survey of them, might prefer to adjust by at once shooting through the head," and he goes on to imply that this is one of them. But the "Life of Schiller" is, nevertheless, a good book, though undoubtedly, in view of Carlyle's late magnificent achievement—"The Life of Frederick the Great"—it might be better.

The author of the "Salad for the Solitary" has published another pleasant book, similar in kind, entitled MOSSES (C. Scribner, New York). It is a book of essays, discursive as Montaigne's, and, like his, filled with the spoils of wide and curious reading—just the amusing, gossippy, suggestive sort of a book one would wish to read under a big tree in the country, or under the rocks by the seaside, on a summer day.

Elliot Warburton's CRESCENT AND THE CROSS, (Peck & Bliss, Phila.,) one of the best books of Eastern Travel, we need only mention. Mr. J. T. Headley drinks delight of battle with his peers in a new LIFE OF GENERAL HAVELOCK, (C. Scribner, New York.) A treatise on THE ART OF EXTEMPORE SPEAKING, by M. BAUTAIN, (C. Scribner, New York,) immediately concerns this nation of orators, the spread eagles of whose speech may "flop their wings and soar" with renewed energy, by the assistance of this volume. And not another book worth noting have we on our table.

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR G. H.—

Last week the Philadelphia artists following the excellent example of their brothers in New York and Boston, gave a "Reception," at Concert Hall. It was a charming and memorable occasion. There was the Germania orchestra, giving us noble music throughout the evening, and the walls of the hall were quite thickly hung with pictures for our delectation. It was, in fact, an informal exhibition—for the time at least, rivalling that of the Academy. "Evening dress" was the order on the cards of invitation, which insured a display of brilliant toilettes on the part of the ladies. Though there was no dancing, nor eating and drinking, it was a delighted company, feasting at once on the harmonies of sound and color—merry wedding-guests at the marriage of Music and Painting.

Our hosts were about everywhere, "on hospitable thoughts intent"—generally men of keen, earnest eyes, of luxuriant beards, of tumbled hair, of unstudied manner, attitude and dress. You could tell one at a glance.

I got to know the race well in Rome, where they form a distinct social element, a peculiar people; as much so as the Jews, though "No pent-up *Ghetto* contracts their powers," or their privileges—where they live according to their means and their whims, in jolly, Bohemian defiance of custom and fashion, in luxurious abandonment to the most poetic tastes and unworldly enthusiasms of the heart. They are men who dream magnificently, and live in utter simplicity—whose souls revel in unimagined delights, sensuous, yet pure, are "clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day," while too often the body goeth about in garments seedy and queer, and the stomach languisheth for lack of good dinners and generous wines;—for not all sufficient even to artists and poets, is the air even of Rome, the atmosphere of the gods—are the boundless feasts of beauty, the diet Olympian—without the substantial viands of the *Marsala*, or, at least, the *vino ordinario* of the *Café Greco* and the *Lepri*.

I like artists, when they are true to their grand calling, and love it, with a deep, reverential, unselfish love—when they are simple, natural, generous, earnest and brave. Then are they among the most charming, inspiring companions—about the best fellows in the world. "They are "greater than they know," and nobler. Though not counted among the mighty, ruling forces of the world, they are yet vital influences, and keep through the ages, its old heart freshened from the primitive springs of Nature. They are apostles of the religion of Beauty, coming down in a glorious succession from the earliest dawn of the Gospel of Art. They are philanthropists, without pretension or cant—æsthetic reformers—true lovers and helpers of their fellow men.

On all such I look with hearty reverence, as humanizers and harmonizers of the world—as co-workers with the Divine, and perpetuators of the miracle of his creation. Their atmosphere is grateful to me. It has a lift above our common-place and conventional existence, into Olympian freshness and elasticity, into an air which doth

"Nimbly and sweetly recommend itself
Unto our gentle senses."

But there is a class who wear bushy beards, outrageous hats, and habits of an *outre* cut, who talk art-cant and swagger through galleries, depreciating their masters—who perpetrate monstrosities on innocent canvas, and chisel them from the reluctant marble—empty imitators and pretenders, mere snobs in art, who are among the most tiresome and intolerable of God's creatures. But to return to the Reception.

There were a goodly number of fine pictures, considering the fact that the annual exhibition had just opened, and most of the best works of the artists were already adorning the walls of the Academy. For instance, to our disappointment, we found nothing of Hamilton's here.

The first picture among the landscapes, which struck me, was a fine view by Whitteridge, painted with much care, truth and feeling, it seemed to me. Soon I came upon two of Weber's delicious pictures—feasts of nature to our city-wearied eyes—and two by Church—one containing water which gleamed beneath your gaze, pellucid and profound, depth on depth, and shimmered and rippled in the wonderful sunlight; and the other with a sheet of water strangely hearty and opaque. And this from the artist who, like our Hamilton, has seemed to me the complete master of that illusive and insurgent element, in all its loveliness and grandeur—whose magic pencil has caught alike the mighty flood and the delicate mist of Niagara—whose genius has tranced the cataract on his canvas, in immovable swiftness and silent thunder forever. But even Jove is subject to occasional fits of somnolency, they say.

Now, I believe that all great pictures must be painted devoutly, to answer spiritual orders, more peremptorily than the commands of even Imperial patrons—must be painted from a divine necessity, as though predestinated. Then the grace and loveliness of the early creation will rest upon the painted earth—soft, luminous clouds will divide the aerial distances of the painted heavens, and the light and life of nature move like the Spirit of the Lord "on the face of the waters." I think I can instinctively tell a picture that has been manufactured from one which has been born—can always distinguish a job from an inspiration.

Among the other pictures, I remember most distinctly and admiringly one by a young Philadelphia artist, Mr. George Lambdin, whose rapid improvement during the last two or three years, gives fine promise of future excellence in art.

This picture represents a wee, bonnie lassie, in a simple yet very quaint rustic dress—a little round black hat crowning a lovely head and slightly shading a bewitching face, with great soft, wide-awake eyes, cheeks of peachy bloom and luscious cherry lips. A sweet, cunning, kissable little creature. She is standing in a field, or wood, and is surrounded by autumn foliage. She has decorated herself with the gorgeous leaves—in her chubby hand is a small branch, crimson, with gold tints, held up by her bright, innocent face. The effect is very charming—to me, at least, touching my heart in its weak point of child-love. It is painted in a pure, unconventional style, all too rare now-a-days, reminding one of the old English painters—of Sir Joshua Reynolds, especially.

Mr. Lambdin has in the Academy this year, another picture in this simple and happy manner—the figure of a lovely lazy little girl, in bed. Her doll is by her side, but she is not nursing it—a book is before her, but she is not reading it—one arm is thrown over her head, and she is abandoning herself to luxurious child-reveries, and glowing out joy and bloom like a rose. The attitude is very natural and the face sweet and bright.

The Reception broke up at a late hour, and all I am sure, went away hoping that it was the first of many delightful artistic entertainments.

I ran into the Academy yesterday, for solace and sunshine, from the depressing chill and darkness of a rainy afternoon.

Read exhibits a fine picture this year—the best of his I have ever seen. It is called "The Spirit of the Waterfall," and is a sweet vision of fairy-land, magically arrested. The poet has dreamed upon canvas, and a lovely, dainty creature smiles and gleams before us, shooting down the cascade, wreathed with silvery mist, a joyous buoyant shape, the radiant soul of the scene, pure as its foamy waters, and light as its charmed air.

I sunned myself for some time before a picture by Hamilton, in his most glowing, yet peaceful style—a sunset with some ruins. The atmosphere of this picture seems to me wonderful. It has that peculiar luminous effect which we sometimes see at sunset, when all the air is transfused with aureate light, as though an infinite treasury of gold dust had been sifted down on the world.

But the great beauty of the picture is in the marvelous effect of distance sunward. You look through a vast, bewildering vista of gorgeous clouds, rift after rift, stratum after stratum, and yet feel that the glorious orb is still beyond, and beyond, poised in an illimitable sea of light.

Yet from this resplendent scene and from the dreamy thoughts it suggested, I seemed called by the grand voice of the waves at night, and the wild tumult and roar of battle.

I turned to the great marine view, on another wall, and again the sea seemed to sweep over my soul; the splendor and the terror of that scene of combat, those wierd clouds, which seemed to me freighted with the dark spirits of the fight, awed me—the moon beyond, supremely calm, divinely serene, entranced me, and the night, solemn as death, though so doubly illuminated was round about me once more.

I know this is a great picture—else it could not thus "possess me like a passion." I do not question the connoisseurs about it. I have the witness in Nature and my own soul.

I hear that Mr. Harrison, of this city, a generous and judicious patron of art, the good friend heaven sent to poor Bartholomew, in that "darkest hour" of his fortunes, "just before the dawn" of his fame—is about to purchase it. His noble gallery is incomplete without it.

It is the power given one to have and hold such treasures of art, and to give aid and comfort to the artist in his glorious toil, that renders wealth truly enviable—infinitely more, though the *nouveaux riches* are slow to believe it, than the ability to indulge in blood horses, opera-boxes, Parisian millinery, upholstery, cooks, and ladies' maids.

Have you heard the great news from Italy? Not the war news, but the art news. Venus has risen again from the deep—from a dark, whelming sea of time and ruin! In digging a well at Rome, a beautiful figure has been discovered, supposed to be the original, or a copy of the *Venus de Medici*. This wonderful resurrection has immensely excited and delighted the artists. I can fancy their half demented state. It is to them quite as stirring and important an event, as to the ecclesiastical world was the exhumation of the body of Saint Cecilia, in the Catacombs.

Unfortunately, like that noble Saint, she comes up with her head off, beside suffering several minor mutilations. Yet she is sufficiently perfect to settle forever the long-vexed question of the rightful position of the arms, in the Venus at Florence. So truth has been found in a well, at last. Adieu.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

PATRIOTISM.

The land we from our fathers had in trust,
We to our children will transmit, or die;
This is our maxim, this our piety;
And God and Nature say that it is just.
We read the dictate in the infant's eye,
In the wife's smile, and in the placid sky;
And at our feet, amid the silent dust
Of them that went before us!

—*Wordsworth.*

RAYNER LUXURIOUS.—Haynes Bayly used to tell a tale that, on one occasion, when running riot through the luxuries of a May Fair mansion, he mounted to the dormitories; "each of which," he declared, "had its bath, and each bath its *three* cocks—one for hot and one for cold water." "And the third, Tom?" asked a listener. "Why, the third," replied Tom, after a moment's pause, "*that's for Eau de Cologne!*"

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A Pleasant Genius—A Bachelor's Home—A Delicate Repast—A Special Aversion—An Ingenious Discovery—How Chicory Becomes Coffee—Operatic Thunder.

Paris, April 28, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Who has not, in the circle of his personal acquaintance, some one or two—most likely widowers, old bachelors, or old maids—who seem to stand apart from the rest of the world, marked by some little peculiarities of person, manner, humor or position, belonging to no one, but claimed as a sort of common property, by all their friends, a little laughed at, perhaps, by their friends, (but not with any unkindly or disrespectful mirth,) and yet courted, caressed, and valued by them? People out of whom one gets all sorts of little services and information; who can generally lend or borrow for our benefit, any rare book we happen to want a sight of; who can put one up to whatever is going on, know all that is to be seen, and where everything is to be got; and are, in short, invaluable in all manner of small ways?

Among the pleasant "originals" of my acquaintance is an old bachelor of very uncertain age, named Felix Giraud, as lively and alert as the youngest of his contemporaries, exceedingly neat in his dress, wearing an irreproachable wig, and never seen, for the last quarter of a century at least, without the self-same breast-pin—an old-fashioned, twisted knot of dark-brown hair, set round with little hoops of gold, a *souvenir*, it is currently believed, of some fair unknown, who, at some remote period of the shadowy past, is held to have made havoc in the faithful heart of Monsieur Felix Giraud.—This gentleman, who is very cosy in his habits, has inhabited, for several years, a pretty little apartment, with a nice broad balcony, on the fourth story of a house in a side street running out of the Boulevard, of which you get a glimpse from the balcony aforesaid. His little dining-room and parlor are very prettily fitted up, a parrot and a cat (belonging to the old servant who presides over his domestic economy, but tolerated by him,) add considerably to the liveliness of the former, for they are not always on the best terms, and when they fall out the whole house is apt to be made fully aware of the important fact; and the latter, with its handsome furniture, books, pictures, a chess-table, of which its owner is not a little vain (it having been picked up by him, a wonderful bargain, one day, at some famous sale or other,) its sunny aspect, and the gay flowers that make a little garden of the balcony outside, is a good specimen of the better class of bachelor-*salons* to be found in this country. M. Giraud is exceedingly fond of children, always carries in his pocket a pretty little tortoise-shell box, covered with gold sprigs, and full of delicious *bon bons*, which he dispenses liberally and judiciously among the little people of his acquaintance, and is sometimes known to offer to their seniors; but *this* is a very especial mark of the old gentleman's favor, and one not often bestowed on those who have passed the age of childhood. M. Giraud, being addicted to literature, is an assiduous frequenter of the theatres of the capital, to many of which he has his regular *entrees;* and as he occasionally gets an amiably-constructed *critique* into some of the papers, playwrights and managers often bestow on him a handful of tickets for the first night of a new piece. He has thus an easy means of gratifying those whom he favors with his intimacy, and has obtained a reputation for influence behind the scenes which causes his visits to be courted in many quarters, and of which he is not a little proud. M. Giraud, or as he is usually called among his habitues, M. Felix, is something of a bookworm, something of a painter, and a little of a musician; and being the possessor of a small but comfortable independence, and a very general favorite for his kindness and intelligence, he has contrived, in the course of a longer life than he would probably care to acknowledge, to make the acquaintance of almost all the literary men and artists of the day, knows all the gossip of which the highways and byways of Paris are usually so full, and is an authority about books, people, pictures and plays, and possesses an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, *bon mots*, and small but useful bits of general information.

M. Felix is by no means a *gourmand;* but, being a man of taste and refinement, has just one or two little pet fancies which his friends generally take care to gratify. These fancies run neither in the direction of highly-wrought dishes nor in that of costly wines—his ordinary fare, according to the account of the old housekeeper, who is rather given to loquacity, is exceedingly simple; nor does he, at the table of his friends, depart from his usual sobriety. The pet delicacies of M. Felix are sponge cake and coffee; but sponge-cake and coffee of the most delicate and exquisite kind. The former must have been bought at Julien's or Frascati's, two *patissiers* whom he patronizes to the exclusion of all others; and the coffee must be a mixture composed of the finest Mocha and Java in equal proportions, roasted an hour or two before it is used, and ground at the moment when it is wanted. Not an atom of chicory must be introduced into his favorite beverage, the use of this specious addition, so much in vogue in France, being, in the eyes of M. Felix, the ruin of coffee now a-days. When the coffee is properly prepared, the sponge-cake also exactly to his mind, the exquisitely appreciative *gusto* with which he enjoys them is something pleasant to behold. The coffee must be excessively strong, and as near boiling as it can be on the termination of the percolating process. Three lumps of sugar must first be deposited in the bottom of the small porcelain cup, and the black-brown essence poured thereon, unprofaned by any addition of milk, or even of cream (supposing the latter to be possible in Paris!); M. Felix will then take the cup delicately in his left hand, with an appreciating smile, and gently dipping the strips of feathery cake into it with the other, will proceed to the absorption of his favorite viands with a quiet fulness of satisfaction that it does one's heart good to witness in this world of discontent and disappointment. Three tiny cups of the beloved beverage, three finger-like strips of the favorite cake, and the old fellow emerges from his elysium of nectar and ambrosia, and comes down again to the realities of everyday existence. It would be equally difficult to console him for the want of this stated *modicum*, or to persuade him to take one jot more than his regular allowance of either. And so necessary is this little repast to the comfort of his daily life, that he often asserts that he would cheerfully forego either of his regular meals, or all of them, rather than miss the accustomed coffee and cake; and that, with this little refection in perspective, he could endure any amount of fatigue or privation, and face any species of difficulty or danger. "I could march boldly up to the cannon's mouth sustained by the hope of my evening coffee," he has been heard to declare in a fit of enthusiasm over a particularly fragrant cup, "and only tremble lest a ball should take my head off before I could regale myself, for the last time, with this decoction worthy of a higher sphere!"

The thought of the pleasure awaiting him at the close of each day, seems, indeed, to exercise a marvellously tranquillising influence over the temper of M. Felix; but the old bachelor's equanimity, so enduring in all other contingencies, vanishes at once if, by any chance, a cup of coffee containing the smallest admixture of chicory is presented to him. Chicory is M. Felix's standing horror; the object of his utter abomination, the *bete noire* of his otherwise placid and benignant imagination. Some of his friends, thinking him unjust to the plant whose use has become so habitual here, have repeatedly tried to make him admit the goodness of coffee into whose preparation a certain proportion of chicory had entered; others, for the sake of a joke, have tried to palm off upon him, as genuine Mocha, coffee skillfully adulterated with the obnoxious vegetable. But the quick senses of the ardent votary of coffee never fail to perceive the substitution, which is so sure to be indignantly rejected by him that no one now ever thinks of attempting either to convert or to deceive him in the matter.

Curiously enough, this inveterate hater of chicory is a lineal descendant of the man by whom that plant, originally destined to the salad-dish, was first transmogrified into an imitation of the eastern berry, and thus surreptitiously introduced into the modern coffee-pot. It was, as I learn from the angrily-contemptuous observations of my old friend, about the year 1800 that his grandfather, who had for some time been engaged, like many others among his countrymen, in roasting and powdering all the edible roots he could lay his hands on, in the hope of discovering some tolerable substitute for the coffee which had become so frightfully dear (like sugar) in consequence of the rigorous continental blockade, finished by making of the chicory-root, a mock coffee so much more similar to the real than anything which had been discovered up to that time, that the government and people were equally enchanted with the invention.

M. Giraud and his fellow-workers, after an immense number of experimentings on the various indigenous products of the country, had now succeeded not only in making coffee from chicory, but sugar from beets.

The latter invention has now acquired so great a development in this country as to form the staple industry of several of the northern departments, occupying a very numerous population, nearly excluding cane-sugar, and compelling (with the aid of the French tariff) the whole population of France to pay, for a vastly inferior article, from 35 to 100 per cent. higher than the people of England pay for a vastly superior one. The elder M. Giraud, however, contented himself with his researches after a native substance capable of supplying the place of coffee; and was very proud of his success when, after long and unsatisfactory efforts with beans, rye, sedge-roots, lupins, and various sorts of peas, all of which resolutely declined the honor he sought to confer on them in his roasters, he at length persuaded the more tractable modesty of the chicory to allow itself to be raised, under his fiery auspices, to the dignity of an Oriental product.

The coffee-chicory (*cichorium intibus*) is nothing else than the common wild chicory of the country, improved by cultivation, to which it owes the thicker and more fleshy root by which it is distinguished, and the loss of a part of its original bitterness. It was in the environs of Valenciennes that grandpapa Giraud first inaugurated the culture of his new coffee; and to that neighborhood it was confined until 1804, when it began to spread into other departments, making its way so effectually in public favor that, at this day the departments of the Nord and the Pas de Calais count it among their most valuable industries, not only supplying all France with this spurious coffee, but actually exporting to England, Belgium, Switzerland, and Germany not far short of 250,000 pounds of coffee-chicory annually.

This plant is sown in the spring, in a soil which must have been dug to a depth of two and a half feet, a depth necessary in order to allow the roots of the chicory to obtain their fullest development. These are not dug up until the frost has entirely suspended vegetation. As soon as they are brought to the manufactory, the roots are carefully deprived of their tops, and split into halves, thirds, or quarters, according to their size. By means of an instrument similar to a straw-chopper, they are next chopped into small pieces, and dried in ovens under the name of *cossettes*. From this stage of their preparation the treatment and destiny of the grains of chicory are identical with those of the genuine coffee. They are duly browned in the same kind of roasters, ground in the same kind of mills, and sold by the grocers to a confiding public under the same designation, in the same paper, and at the same price. The habit of adulterating coffee with this cheap imitation having now become so general that you can never hope to get the true article in a genuine state, unless you take the precaution of buying your coffee green of the wholesale dealers, and roasting and grinding it in your own kitchen as you need it.

The somewhat pungent and bitter flavor of the chicory, however, causes it to be preferred by many persons as "more lively" than the genuine article. The rich usually prefer a compound containing from a fifth to a quarter of this substance, which has the advantage of being perfectly wholesome; as for the poorer classes, seduced by the lowness of its price, and becoming habituated to its stronger and ranker flavor, they often use it without any intermixture of the real coffee. His own intense dislike of his ancestor's ingenious invention, and the indignant grief caused to him by seeing the use of chicory spreading wider and wider every year, is often adduced by M. Felix as an instance of the way in which "the sins of fathers are visited upon their children." It is a painful subject with him; and he avoids, as far as possible, all allusion to his grandaire and his deeds.

Just now, M. Felix is more than ordinarily excited by the brilliant success of Meyerbeer's new opera, "The Pardon of Ploermel." The great composer, whom M. Felix counts on the list of his personal friends, sent the kindly old "critic" half a dozen tickets for the first night of that work, transporting the old gentleman as much by the honor of such a distinction as by the pleasure it afforded him of doing the agreeable to several of his friends. This magnificent work, after being long and impatiently waited for by the music-lovers of this capital, has just been brought out in most triumphant style, in presence of the Emperor and Empress, and a very distinguished auditory. The production of this new work, as I learn from my old friend, has been delayed through the author's dissatisfaction with the stage thunder, which bursts forth during a violent storm in one of the scenes. The discontented composer, at a loss what to suggest in place of the sounds in question, wandered about the city in every direction for several days, listening to every noise he could hear, in the hope of gleaning a hint for the representation of his storm-scene. At last, passing by a house in process of demolition, his ears were gladdened by a very tolerable "thunder peal," produced by the falling of stones and mortar through a wooden trough to the ground. He hastened to the theatre, ordered a long square funnel to be made of boards, and sent down through it a quantity of stones. "The sound is too hard," said the composer, after the experiment had been tried, "we must have smooth lead or iron. Grape-shot would do admirably." "But it is impossible to obtain them," remarked the manager, "without the permission of the government." Meyerbeer replied that he would engage to procure them; and wrote the same day to Marshal Vaillant, Minister of War, on the subject. The Marshal, who seems to have been much amused at the letter, replied at once that "all the stores of Vincennes were at the composer's disposal." It is the shot thus obtained which produces, when rolled down the wooden trough, the thunder that is listened to with such admiring satisfaction each night the piece is performed.

Among the other jottings derived from the varied stores of my old friend's imagination or memory, is a theory which he has elaborated and maintains very strenuously, as the true explanation of the mysterious history of the "Man with the Iron Mask." It was this theory which I meant on taking up my pen this rainy morning, to propound here for the benefit of the readers of The Post; but my pen having loitered too long on its way, I must reserve this topic for discussion in some future letter.

QUANTUM.

Extraordinary Discovery.—*Photographing Sound.*—In another part of our columns will be found the details of a very singular discovery of M. L. Scott, by means of which sounds may be made to record themselves, whether those sounds are those of musical instruments, or emitted by the voice in singing or speaking. Prof. Wheatstone, during his recent visit to Paris, was invited by the Abbe Moigno to inspect the papers on which these sounds had printed themselves, and is said to have been greatly surprised and pleased with what he saw. The mark produced on the paper by a particular note is invariably the same; so, also, if a person speaks, the tone of voice in which he speaks is faithfully recorded. As yet no practical advantage has been obtained by this discovery; but M. Scott is sanguine that, in course of time, he will so far improve his apparatus that it will be capable of printing a speech, which may be written off verbatim, to the great saving of the labor of Parliamentary reporters.—*Photographic (Eng.) News.*

The Crops.—A gentleman who has just returned from an extended journey through Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, furnishes the following notes of the growing crops in the localities through which he passed:—

In Michigan the wheat and grass crops look finely, and promise an abundant harvest. The cold weather of April had delayed the getting in of spring crops, and the warm sun of the last ten or twelve days has done much to prepare the soil, and the farmers were busily improving the time.

In Ohio the wheat and grass look well, but not so forward as in Southern Michigan.

In Pennsylvania, east of the mountain, the wheat, rye, and grass crops are very forward; the oats, also, being further advanced than those above mentioned.

In New Jersey the winter crop looks very well, but not so forward as in Pennsylvania. The warm weather had made the soil very dry.

"The Ticino."—Cæsar's decisive step was the "crossing of the Rubicon," and the step conceded on all hands to be decisive of peace or war, is the Austrian army's crossing the Ticino. This stream is a small river, rising at the foot of Mount St. Gothard, in Switzerland, flowing southwardly through Lake Maggiore, and finally emptying into the Po near Pavia. During the latter part of its course it forms the boundary line between Lombardy and Piedmont, and hence its importance in a military point of view. It is easily crossed and not strongly defended, is remote from the centres of Sardinian population and strength, and hence is naturally chosen as the most feasible entrance for the Austrian troops into Sardinian territory.

☞ Lord Eldon, in one of his shooting excursions at Wareham, shortly after the trial of Queen Caroline, and "the green bag" evidence it gave rise to, came across a person who was sporting on his land without leave. The Chancellor asked the stranger if he knew he was trespassing, adding, "Do you know who is the proprietor of this estate?" "What's that to you?" was the reply. "I suppose you are one of Old Bags's keepers." "No," replied the noble lord, "you are under an illusion; I am Old Bags himself."

☞ Repentance hath a purifying power, and every tear is of a cleansing virtue; but these penitential clouds must be still kept dropping; one shower will not suffice; for repentance is not one single action, but a course.—*South.*

☞ Whilst shame keeps its watch, virtue is not wholly extinguished from the heart.—*Burke.*

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

We gave in a large part of our last week's edition, the news by the Adelaide, to the 30th ult.,—containing, as was stated, the *official* advices of the crossing of the Ticino by the Austrians. We expect to receive, before going to press this week, later advices, either confirming or contradicting this statement.

Declaration of Tuscany in Favor of Piedmont and France.—On the 28th, nearly all the superior officers of the Tuscan troops (15,000 men) presented themselves to the Grand Duke at Florence, and declared to him that to prevent the revolt of his army, there was only one way, viz.: to unite with Piedmont, and to unfurl the tri color flag of Italian independence. The Grand Duke, by the advice of his Ministers, immediately sent for the Marquis of Lajarico (of the Corsini family, and one of the best known and wealthiest men of Tuscany,) and begged him to form a new administration with a view of giving the reforms which were wanted. The Marquis of Lajarico answered that he could not undertake so important and difficult a task, or save the dynasty, except on two conditions. First, the abdication of his Imperial Highness. Second, a declaration of war against Austria, and an alliance with France and Piedmont. The Grand Duke refused to subscribe to these conditions, and declared he would quit Tuscany immediately, and without making any provision for a legal and regular government, leaving the Tuscans to do what they pleased.

Additional news received at Turin reports that Victor Emmanuel has been proclaimed Dictator of Tuscany. Prince Carigan has been appointed Lieutenant General of Piedmont during the war.

At Florence, Count Gaultier, having published a letter in favor of Count de Cavour, had been ordered to quit Tuscany, but he had refused to obey, and took refuge at the house of the Sardinian Minister, invoking his quality as chamberlain to the King.

The French troops have disembarked at Genoa, and are received everywhere with enthusiasm.

A despatch, dated Genoa, April 27, says:—"Disorders have broken out in the Duchy of Massa, and the political prisoners have been set free."

[Massa is a little Duchy belonging to Modena, bordering on the Gulf of Genoa, and lying between Sardinia and Tuscany.]

The Times, and other morning journals, deny authoritatively that Denmark had concluded a treaty, offensive and defensive, with France.

The Herald says Modena and Parma have also declared for Sardinia.

The Russo-France Treaties.—The following are the provisions of the treaties between Russia and France, as given in the London Times:

By the first treaty Russia binds herself, in the event of France being at war with Austria, to assist France, with the co-operation of her fleets in the Baltic and the Mediterranean, and to place an army of fifty thousand men on the Austrian frontier.

This, the Times says, is directed obviously against England, and its existence is a proof that the enterprises which are thus to be protected are such as it would be impossible for England to allow to pass unchallenged.

The Russian Army of Observation, the Times concludes, is to excite an insurrection among the Hungarians and the Sclaves.

The second treaty provides that in case Austria shall invade Sardinia, Russia shall declare war against her within fifteen days of her violation of Piedmontese soil.

The Movements of the French Armies.—Paris, April 27.—Iyesterday sent a rough outline of the composition of the army of the Alps, as at present constituted, total, 127,000 men. Were the whole of this force in Piedmont, taking the Sardinian army at 60,000 men, there would be an allied army of 187,000 French and Piedmontese to oppose 200,000 Austrians. But at present there are not more than two or three divisions beyond the frontier—say at the outside 40,000 men, and nothing like that number are at Genoa, the only point whence they could make their junction with the Piedmontese in time to be of any use. Nothing, therefore, but the most consummate skill can enable General La Marmora to save the capital without sacrificing his army. Under these circumstances you will easily understand that the utmost anxiety should prevail in Paris as to the result of this day's proceedings between Turin and the line of the Ticino.

Preparations for War in Germany.—The Vienna correspondent of the Times, writing on the 23d says:—"The preparations for war are carried on with great energy in all parts of Germany, and Bavaria has already between 70,000 and 80,000 men in a state of complete preparation. Hanover, Mecklinburg, and Oldenburg are about to make the tenth *corps d'armee* mobile. The King of Hanover paid a short visit to the Prince Regent a few days ago, and probably met the Archduke Albrecht at the Prussian court. The Archduke was received with loud cheers when he arrived at Dresden, on his way to this city, which he reached the day before yesterday. A traveller who has just come from the Russo-Gallician frontier says that almost all the Austrian troops have been withdrawn from Gallicia. 'If,' says he, 'there were not a perfect understanding between the two monarchs, the Austrian frontier could not possibly be left in such an exposed state.'"

Movements of Russia.—The Paris correspondent of the Morning Post has official authority for stating that a Russian army has received orders to proceed to the Austrian frontier.

A letter from St. Petersburg, in the Globe, says:—"I hear as certain that the troops in Bessarabia are being considerably augmented. A full war footing has been determined upon for the army stationed on the left hand banks of the River Pruth. It is generally thought here that should the numerous Turkish reinforcements lately dispatched to the Danube be ordered to enter Wallachia, such an event will be followed by a crossing of the Pruth on the part of the Russian forces. Such are the consequences of the thunder storm obscuring the horizon of western Europe.

Fears of Turkey.—The apprehension of war has aroused fears of an insurrection in Turkey. The deliberations of the Divan have lately been addressed to the consideration of the attitude which it should assume to meet coming emergencies, and Omar Pacha has been summoned.

The Journal de Constantinople quotes letters from the Danubian principalities, confirming the report of Russian armaments in Bessarabia.

Letters have been received, tending to confirm previous reports that 100,000 Russians are to be assembled in Georgia.

General Item.—Austria says she draws the sword "to preserve European order." Sardinia says her watchword is the independence of Italy. France says she is against the misgovernment of Austria in Italy.

John Bright the Reformer, says:—"On the face of it the contest is to determine whether the despotism of Austria or the despotism of France shall exert the greatest influence in the Italian states."

The reason of Austria's sudden movement is said to be the obtaining of the secret treaty between France and Piedmont. In this treaty, it is said, Lombardy is guaranteed to Victor Emmanuel, on condition that no impediment be placed in the way of the establishment of Prince Napoleon at Rome, and Prince Murat at Naples. The terms of the treaty would indicate that this rage for succoring Italy is but a cloak to the real motive of the war, which lies in the re-occupation of the Rhine. It is stated that for the purloined copy of this treaty was paid £20,000, and considered by the diplomat who purchased it cheap at the money. It has been shown by the Archduke Albrecht to the Prince of Prussia, and hence the immediate move of an immense mass of troops belonging to the Germanic Confederation towards the Rhine.

A Turin letter says:—"A considerable number of troops (Austrians) are echeloned along the Swiss frontier on the banks of the Lake of Como. They have taken possession most unceremoniously of the finest villas, injuring everything. Complaints are useless, and what renders matters worse is that the troops do not receive full pay, owing to the state of the Austrian finances. In the country parts the soldiers take their supplies by force, whilst in the towns they offer paper of no value, or else go off without paying anything. At Piacenza, General Rohn, commander of the fortress, has seized on the funds of the Grand Ducal Treasury, and simply sent to Parma a receipt."

The Turin correspondent of the Times, writing on the 26th, does not think the Austrians will get to Turin. The country has been laid under water, by means of the canals of irrigation, and measures have been taken to render the roads temporarily impassable. The Sardinian Government has appropriated all horses belonging to private individuals, the highest price being £16, for animals which cost from £60 to £100.

The Times maintains that England meditates no active part so long as the war is confined to Italy, but if France and Russia should attack Austria in Germany—Russia seeking perchance indemnity in East Europe—or, if Prussia should be laid under a contribution of territory, then the design of the treaties would become no less than the partition of Europe, and the first principle of preservation would compel us to consider whether we can better defend ourselves on the Continent or at our own homesteads. However much we may desire to keep clear of these complications, the existence of a great German power is essential to our own safety.

THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

New York, May 15.—The steamers Weser and Borussia arrived this evening, at half-past six o'clock from Bremen via Southampton, with Liverpool dates to the 3d inst.

The reported wreck of the clipper ship Pomona proved to be true. She was wrecked off Wexford, Ireland, and 386 lives were lost. She had on board 375 passengers and 52 of the crew, of whom 17 of the former and three of the latter were saved. The ship sunk in nine fathoms of water.

THE WAR.

In regard to the war, there can be but little doubt that the war has commenced. In all probability there was a sharp action at the bridge of Buffiera, on Thursday, the 28th ult. It is reported that the Austrians, after a considerable loss, took it at the point of the bayonet. It is also reported that Mortara had been taken, and that the Sardinians had retreated before the Austrians near the Lago Maggiore.

The telegraph line to Switzerland has been cut by the Austrians.

Vienna, Sunday, May 1.—The Austrians have occupied Jutra, Pallanza and Arona, the Sardinians retreating at their approach.

Turin, Thursday, April 28.—The steamer which arrived at Genoa on the 27th, brought a proclamation to the Tuscan army, inviting it to await the signal of war, and advance in a compact body of 12,000 men to reinforce Piedmont. A similar proclamation has been addressed to the troops in the Romagna.

Turin, Friday, April 28.—Generals Canrobert and Niel have arrived here and gone to join the King.

The Austrians are concentrating in great masses at Piacenza, where a proclamation has been issued by the Austrian Commissioner Extraordinary.

Fifteen thousand of the French Imperial Guards land to-night at Genoa, making the force now there 40,000 men. The force at Susa is also increasing fast.

Turin, Saturday, April 30.—The official Bulletin confirms the passage of the Ticino by the Austrians.

The corps d'armee, which entered Piedmont by Gravellona, consists of twenty battalions and eight batteries of cannon.

Turin, Sunday, May 1.—The King has gone to assume the command.

The Austrians are at Novara in force, and also at Pavia.

The French infantry and artillery continue to arrive. No decisive movement has yet been made.

Berne, Saturday, April 30.—The Austrians have seized several Sardinian vessels on Lake Maggiore, and commenced hostilities last evening.

Vienna, Saturday, April 30.—Count Buol has forwarded circular notes to the foreign governments, stating the diplomatic and political reasons for the declaration of war by the Emperor.

The Wiener Zeitung publishes decrees, ordering the income tax of the third class to be retained by the paying officer, immediately upon the interest of the public bonds being paid, and ordering a loan of twenty million pounds sterling, but as at present, it is impossible to contract it, the National Bank will advance two-thirds of the nominal value of the loan in new notes. A third decree releases the National Bank from the necessity of meeting its notes with specie, and a fourth orders the duties and excise dues to be paid in silver of payable coupons of the National loan.

Vienna, Sunday, May 1.—The Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian is discharged from the Governor Generalship of Lombardy and Venice.

Berlin, Sunday, May 1.—The increasing uncertainty in political affairs has caused Prussia to resolve to put her remaining *corps d'armee* in readiness to march.

Marseilles, Friday, April 29.—Advices from Rome to the 26th, state that a proclamation had been issued by General Guyon, recommending the inhabitants to remain tranquil, disapproving of any manifestations, even of a pacific nature, and reminding the populace that the assembling of crowds in the streets is already forbidden.

Eight thousand Austrians had arrived at Ancona.

Turin, Sunday, May 1.—The Austrians in large numbers have quitted Piacenza, and proclaimed it in a state of siege. They appear to have concentrated their forces on the left bank of the Po.

Trieste, Saturday, April 30.—The Austrian Lloyds has discontinued their ships to foreign ports.

Berne, Tuesday, May 3.—The President opened the Federal Assembly with a patriotic speech. The council moved the following demands for the consideration of the Assembly:—To sanction the declaration of neutrality which accompanied the recent calling of the contingents by the Government; to authorise further defensive measures; to open a credit, not to be limited to the contracting of loans, and to appoint a commander-in-chief of the Federal army.

Paris, May 2.—The Grand Duchess of Parma left, after instituting a Council of Regency, and the new Government has expressed its adhesion to Piedmont.

Turin, May 2.—The King of Sardinia has accepted the Military Dictatorship of Tuscany, to facilitate the co-operation of the Tuscans in the war of independence, and to protect public order.

The Sardinians in Venice have placed themselves under the protection of the Russian Consulate.

Stuttgard, May 2.—The Wurtemburg Chambers have unanimously voted the Government projects for calling out the Landwehr, for a forced levy of horses, and the opening of a war credit of seven million florins. In the debate, sympathy was expressed with Austria.

Private letters from Paris received in London express an anticipation that the new French loan will be offered in a three per cent. stock at 61, being about four per cent. lower than the lowest price fixed in the loans of the Russian war.

The Austrian Ambassador has not yet left Paris.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times says that the Porte is preparing for war, and that Omar Pacha is on his way from Bagdad to Constantinople.

Paris, Sunday, May 1.—The *Moniteur* publishes a circular note, dated 27th of April, addressed by Count Walewski to the Diplomatic Agents of the Foreign Powers. It describes the present position of political affairs, and expresses much satisfaction at the conciliatory spirit of England, Prussia and Russia. It states the wish that the other powers which compose the Germanic Confederation may not allow themselves to be misled by reminiscences of epochs quite different from the present, and hopes that the statesmen of Germany will perceive that it depends on them to put limits upon the extension and duration of a war which France conscientiously feels she has not provoked.

Sardinia has made proposals at Madrid to induce the Spanish Government to join her in the cause of Italy, but Spain intends to be strictly neutral.

The following is the official letter of Prince Gortschakoff to the British Government: "I do not deny that there may exist a written engagement between France and Russia, but I can assure you, in the most positive manner, that such arrangement contains nothing that in the most distant manner could be interpreted as constituting a hostile alliance against England. If Lord Malmesbury should be questioned on the subject, he may answer with confidence in the above sense, and I give you my personal guarantee that the declaration will not be falsified by the facts."

Weimar, Sunday, May 1.—The Czar Alexander, in a despatch to the widow of the late Grand Duke, gives a denial to the reports that Prussia and Austria are threatened by Russia.

Vienna, Saturday, April 30.—The French Ambassador is to leave to-day.

Paris, Saturday, April 30.—It is rumored that an insurrection has broken out in Sicily.

The Emperor Napoleon was expected to join the French army on the 3d inst.

Great Britain.—A royal proclamation has been issued offering a bounty of £10 to seamen, with the intention of recruiting 10,000 additional men.

The greatest activity prevailed in the English dock yards, preparing for war.

Instructions from the British Admiralty were received at Woolwich April 30th, directing all possible haste in the completion of the new class steam frigates now on the stocks. A despatch was received at Sheerness on the 29th ult., to send the "Royal George" to Davenport, the "Colossus" to Portsmouth, and the "Edgar," "Queen," and "Trafalgar" are to be got ready for sea immediately. The Osborne steam yacht has been ordered to be got ready for immediate service. Its destination is reported to be the Mediterranean, to be placed at the disposal of the Prince of Wales.

The English elections for members of Parliament have resulted, probably, in favor of the Tories, or Derby government. Saturday was said to be the decisive day. The elections on that day gave a nett Tory gain of ten.

The approach of the consol. settlement of the 5th inst. was regarded with the greatest anxiety.

One of the largest of the recent defaulters in the Stock Exchange has paid 6s. on the pound.

There was a steady demand for money at the bank.

In the London market wheat has advanced 2s.

Commercial Intelligence.—Liverpool, May 2.—The sales of Cotton for the past two days have been 7000 bales, including 2000 bales for speculation and export. All qualities have considerably declined, and some circulars say prices are fully ¼d, and others nearly ½d lower. The market closed dull and irregular.

Breadstuffs.—Richardson & Spence quote the market as buoyant, with a large speculative inquiry, at a considerable advance for all descriptions, but that it is impossible to give the figures.

Provisions.—The market closed with an advancing tendency. Quotations are nominal, but the speculative feeling continues.

Produce.—Carolina Rice closed buoyant, and holders demand an advance. Sugar quiet. Saltpetre had advanced 2s. Other articles are slow of sale, but prices continue unaltered.

London, May 2.—A great many failures are reported on the Stock Exchange. From all quarters failures are reported. Wolf & Co, of Berlin, have suspended, and a considerable failure at Vienna is reported. The impoverishment and ruin on the Paris Bourse this week will be beyond all example. No failures occurred on Monday. Consols closed to-day at 89¼@90¾.

California News.—The U. S. M. steamship Star of the West, A. G. Gray, commander, from Aspinwall 4th, and Havana 9th inst., arrived on Saturday, at New York, with $1,500,000 in specie.

The U. S. steam frigate Roanoke was at Aspinwall, all well. The steam frigate Merrimack was to leave Panama shortly for Callao, to investigate alleged outrages perpetrated upon American shipping there.

The copy of the Cass-Herran treaty sent from Washington to Bogota for ratification had been lost in the Magdalena river by the capsizing of a canoe. This will require the treaty to lay over for another season.

TO LAURA.

Dear Laura! when you were a flirting young miss,
And I was your dutiful swain,
Your smiles could exalt to the summit of bliss,
Your frowns could o'erwhelm me with pain;
You were *dear* to me, then, love, but now you're my wife,
It is strange the fond tie should be nearer;
For when I am paying your bills, on my life,
You seem to get *dearer and dearer!*

☞ The progress of a private conversation betwixt two persons of different sexes, is often decisive of their fate, and gives it a turn very distinct perhaps from what they themselves anticipated. Gallantry becomes mingled with conversation, and affection and passion come gradually to mix with gallantry. Nobles, as well as shepherd swains, will, in such a trying moment, say more than they intended, and queens, like village maidens, will listen longer than they should.—*Walter Scott.*

☞ A New Use for Paper Shirt Collars.—We heard a young man yesterday complaining thus: "Went and bought a dozen paper collars—thought they were very nice, sir—and so cheap, sir. They were cheap—exceedingly cheap—but I put it to you, sir, as a friend, sir, as a friend; if it isn't 'cutting it too fat'—decidedly too fat, sir, to have a great loafer come along, when you are all dressed for church, sir, and tear off the whole side of your collar, to light his detestable cigar with, sir, as he did mine, sir"—exhibited compound fracture of the garrotte extending half way around his neck.—*Buffalo Courier.*

☞ A Striking Image.—Marlowe, the Elizabethan poet, thus describes a lovely maiden:

"Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

☞ A "Duck of a Doctor."—Generally a Quack.—*Punch.*

☞ To develope in each individual all the perfection of which he is susceptible, is the object of education.—*Immanuel Kant.*

☞ Nothing renders the mind so narrow and so little as the want of social intercourse.

VENETIANS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. P. R. JAMES.

TO THE PRINCESS DE PODENAS.

The Lady with the Jet Black Hair.

Oh, lady fair,
With jet black hair,
When first I heard thy voice,
It had a sound of happier times,
Like some far church's pleasant chimes,
And made my heart rejoice.

Oh, lady fair,
With jet black hair,
When first I saw thine eyes,
They took me back to days more bright,
When, with such mild and cheerful light,
I saw young mornings rise.

Oh, lady fair,
With jet black hair,
When first I felt thy smile,
It wakened thoughts of loves gone by,
The cheerful laugh, the painless sigh,
The hearts devoid of guile.

Oh, lady fair,
With jet black hair,
Those things have passed for me;
Thou too will go, but leave behind
One more sweet image, for the mind
To store in memory.

MY THREE WOOINGS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

In the morning appeared another pale-pink and very tender letter from Rose; luckily for me, it was brought up to my room, instead of being laid on the breakfast-table. I grew desperate, and forthwith packed my portmanteau, ordered the coach to be stopped at the end of the lane, rushed down the avenue to meet it, got inside, with a vague fear of being seen and stopped if I ventured on the box, and did not feel safe till I arrived at home—for I had still a home, changed, saddened, humbled as it was, and a good, dear mother, and a kind-hearted, loving sister.

"Such fun, Gerald," said my sister Jane the next morning; "your old friend, Hester Dering is going to be married to Cousin John."

"What! John Hartland? I never heard a word of it."

"Yes; but listen. They are all going a tour to the Rhine—the Hartlands and Derings—and have asked me to go with them, and you, too. I was going to write this very day, only I was afraid you found it so pleasant at the general's, that you would not come away; and mamma did not much like my going unless you could accompany us. But now you will go, won't you?"

I needed not much persuasion. The Rhine? —I wished it had been the Nile or the Ganges, to have taken me further away from my embarrassments. Thus the cowardly weakness of my nature led me always into fresh troubles, rather than look the present ones in the face.

What a lovely evening it was! how the tints of the sunset lingered on the heights, as we stood upon the "Rhenish strand!"

Hester Dering was an indefatigable sketcher, and her *fiance*, Cousin John, very much preferred clambering to the highest point he could see, "to look for a view," to lingering by her side whilst she was drawing; so that, in our rambles, I was constantly left to escort her, my sister Jane and Cousin John taking little excursions here and there, and bringing us word of wonderful "prospects," whose picturesqueness they generally measured by their extent.

Hester had finished her sketch in the deepening twilight.

"Now, Gerald," said she, as she put up her pencils, "I shall be able to talk to you. I have been very, very much interested in all you have been telling me; I hope you have not thought me indifferent because I went on drawing?"

"No," said I, offering my arm, which she took directly—"No. I like to talk to you while you are drawing, because you don't look at me."

"An odd reason," said she, laughing.—"Have you no better?"

"Oh, yes! Because we are such very old friends, Hester, and I don't feel the least afraid of you. You are not satirical, though you are so clever; and then you are engaged, you know."

"The best reason of all, you think; and no wonder, modest Master Gerald, considering all the mischief you have done. But seriously, Gerald, what will you do, when we get home again, with these two engagements of yours? Which of the two—for I have tried in vain to discover—do you really love?—I don't say love best, as one would ask a child if it loves its nurse or its sugar-plums best, for there cannot be the least comparison in a true love."

"Well," said I, "you may laugh at me as you will, but I solemnly declare I don't know."

"Then I fear you love neither the one nor the other. Rose May was decidedly your first love."

"Oh, as for that, I was desperately in love at ten years old, for a whole holiday, with a certain fairy queen of seven, as perhaps you may remember, Miss Hester."

"Meaning me, I suppose! Yes, those were happy days, Gerald! Do you remember that tool-house in the garden, which we made believe was an enchanted palace, and the gardener's dog was the dragon to guard me, when I was the enchanted princess, and you the knight-errant?"

"Oh, yes, yes," said I, with a sort of bitterness. "You see that Rose May was decidedly not my first love."

"Gerald, you puzzle me," said she, shaking her head. "Tell me sincerely—do you, or do you not, wish to marry either of these girls?"

Hester Dering had a way of looking up suddenly into one's face—

> Few her looks, but every one
> Like unexpected light surprises.

Her eyes were more soft than bright, and more dreaming than penetrating. As to their color, I never knew what it was—I never thought about it; but those rare looks of hers were like no other looks. They plunged into one's soul: and when she fixed that intent gaze upon you, I defy any one to tell her a falsehood.

I felt myself color as she looked at me; my eyes sunk under hers; then a sudden thought, like an electric shock, thrilled through me.

"Hester, why do you want to know? Tell me sincerely, how does it interest you?"

It was her turn to blush crimson, and to look down, sideways, anyway, to avoid my eager gaze. She did not immediately answer, and her lips seemed forming inarticulate words, none of which were what she meant to utter. At last, with a little pettish gesture, quite unlike her usual quiet manner, she said:

"Gerald, you are unkind and unreasonable. You have talked to me for all these pleasant weeks with the openness of an old friend, and now you speak as if my interest in you were mere curiosity, or impertinent interference."

I scarcely knew which astonished me the most—the unjust accusation, or the agitated manner in which it was made. I knew not how to reply, especially as she took her arm from mine, and walked on quickly. I followed, and exclaimed:

"Hester, dear Hester, what on earth have I done or said to offend you thus? Ask me what you will, and I will tell you. I have no idea of anything but gratitude for your kindness in advising me. No one knows me so well as you, and I am led to tell you things, and talk to you as I can no one else in this wide world."

She had slackened her pace, and I walked on by her side.

"Why, then," said she, softly, "did you ask me why and how I was interested in asking you the question I did?"

"Forgive me, if I for an instant, one single instant, mistook you. Forgive my absurd presumption—be still my sister and my friend."

"You have a sister," she replied, slightly smiling; "and you are, I think, more than provided with young-lady friends; and I—"

"Yes, yes; you, Hester, are engaged, and it is only the more kind of you to have time to think of me at all."

She smiled sadly, and again gave me one of her sudden inquiring looks; but when I offered my arm, she did not take it, and we spoke no more, but continued silently walking side by side. At a turn of the path, a sudden burst of laughter assailed us from Jane and Cousin John.

"What exceedingly agreeable company you two must be!" said he. "We just watched you, for fun, behind this bush, and I'll be hanged if you have spoken a word these ten minutes."

I felt exceedingly irate, and Hester, who had quite regained her composure of manner, said—

"Your surveillance was very well timed, and you were fortunate to escape the proverbial fate of listeners."

"How severe you are, Hester," said he. "Of course, I was only in joke!"

He offered her his arm—but she did not take it, while Jane and I followed at a little distance.

"Poor Cousin John!" said Jane, in a sort of half soliloquy. "I hardly think they quite suit each other."

"Why not, Jane?" said I.

"Oh, I don't know! Hester is so clever."

"And John Hartland is not."

"Well," she replied, "I don't think *that*, but not just in the same way. He is almost afraid she is not good-tempered."

"Did he tell you so?"

"Not to complain of her, for he believes she is devotedly attached to him, and would not for the world make her unhappy; but she certainly is very odd. Now, John Hartland must be the best creature in the world not to be annoyed at her always talking to you. Don't you wonder he is not jealous?"

"I never thought about it. He knows what old friends Hester and I are."

"Yes; but still he said that some people would not like it, and that if he had not had me to walk about with while Hester sits drawing, it would have been another thing."

While my sister ran on thus, I was pondering deeply. I had often vaguely thought so, but it now came over me with a deep conviction, that Hester Dering and John Hartland were as opposite as the poles. Could they love each other? Would they marry after all? Then, with a longing, aching curiosity, I asked myself—Does Hester love him? I longed to be again alone with her, and wondered I had never observed all this before. I was entirely absorbed in watching her. Did she, then, neglect me? Had all her interest in her early friend ceased? I thought so, for she grew more and more reserved and distant, and now evidently avoided being alone with me. As for John Hartland, I could see no great change in him, except that he looked piqued and annoyed sometimes after an interview with Hester, at which I felt a quite inhuman gratification. My sister Jane was equally sought by the two, and almost always made a third in their walks. Was the change, then, only in me? Nothing makes time appear so long as travelling; the succession of new images and impressions makes us live months in every hour.

It was scarcely a week after the conversation I have recorded, and yet I looked back upon the time of Hester's confidential manner as to some long bygone days. I had taken to sketching now, but she had left it off. It was an excuse to me to go on long, lonely walks and excursions; on one of these I had left the party entirely, and was to rejoin them in a few days. During this solitary journey, communing with my own heart, it made me some strange revelations. Hester's questions haunted me for ever: Did I or did I not wish to marry either Rose or Justina? and my heart answered loudly, and without hesitation; No, no. The image that filled my every thought and feeling was Hester's! Why had I not tried to solve that problem which always haunted me? Did she love John Hartland? If not—

Unable to bear this uncertainty longer, I returned to rejoin the party a day before I had intended. They were at Boppart. My habitual shyness prevailed, and I would not go at once to them there, but remained in the neighborhood; and then, with my camp-stool and sketching materials, I wandered on to a spot where I had last watched the artistic pencil of Hester Dering. I scarcely knew it my vivid fancy deceived me, but there, in the identical spot, sat Hester. She was alone; and till I approached her quite near, she had not seen me. I had no reason to suppose my presence would be such an overpowering surprise to her; and she was too courageous and self-possessed in general for the plea of weak nerves; but when she had started up with a glow of pleasure in her face to greet me, she suddenly grew pale, and trembled so violently, she was obliged to sit down again.

I threw myself on the grass by her, and held her hand. All my variously rehearsed speeches, by which I should probe her secret, all my own confessions, fled. I could say nothing but:

"Hester, I could not stay away any longer. You don't want me; perhaps you never will want me; but you must let me see you sometimes, when you are married; even you must let me see you, though you will not talk to me as we used. I cannot live without that—"

All my fine speeches and searching questions, without committing myself, came to this.

I held her hand to my face, and covered my eyes with it; I did not venture to look at her, as she sat raised just above me on a turfy bank. The hand trembled in mine, but she did not draw it away, though I waited in vain till she should speak.

"Speak to me, Hester," said I. "Tell me only that you will forgive this vehemence; that you will be to me as you were, and counsel me, and let me talk to you as you did long ago; and yet not so very long ago neither, if one counts by time only. I have been so miserable since you have changed your manner to me. I promise never again to forget that you are engaged—that you are another's."

"Gerald," she said; "Gerald, look at me; look up."

I quite started at the sound of her voice, it was so very sweet and gentle. I met her eyes bending down upon me, softly and timidly, not as she had ever looked before; and she smiled as I had never seen her smile.

"It has indeed seemed long since you went away—two days ago," she said; "and so much has happened that it might have been two years. Gerald, I am free; it is all broken off, and ought never to have been! I am free now to talk to you as before, and help you to find out which of the two—"

I started to my feet, bewildered with the unmeasurable joy of this most unlooked-for change. She had risen, too, and her hand was still clasped in mine.

"Free, free!" I gasped out. "Then, Hester, you are mine, and mine only!"

I clasped her in my arms, and held her like a recovered treasure, never to be parted with more. I did not want her to speak then; I was satisfied to feel her dear head resting on my shoulder, and her heart beating against my own; but she broke from me as with an effort, and said:

"Ah, Gerald, how can I believe you, after all you have told me of others?"

But she did believe me, notwithstanding.

My sister Jane, coming out in search of Hester, was the first to interrupt us. She was by no means astonished to see me back, and did not look much disturbed by the events that had occurred in my absence. John Hartland had left the party, and returned to England. His father and aunt, who evidently suspected something had gone wrong, though it was not yet disclosed, looked anything but pleased to see me again, nor was my reception much better by Mr. and Mrs. Dering. In short, for a shy man to feel himself so entirely *de trop*, was cruelly embarrassing. Nothing I did was right; and all the little *contre-temps* inseparable from travelling, were ascribed to my bad management, with sundry hints that John Hartland would have contrived things better. The sunshine of Hester's presence, however, supported me, and I did not feel all my impending ills till we arrived at Folkestone, and the party necessarily separated.

Briefly let me pass over the events of the next few weeks. I found the general established in his house in Upper Harley Street. My interview with him was not so stormy as I had anticipated; even when I told him of my determination not to marry his ward, he said I need not trouble myself—that I did not deserve her. He concluded I meant to marry old May's daughter, and in that case, he should cut me off with a shilling, and not even send me to India. I said I had not the least intention of it. So much the better, he replied, for he now had it in his power to give me a capital appointment in India, but not as a married man. I took the plunge at once, and told him of my engagement to Hester Dering. This was too much for his patience, and I must confess that, under the circumstances, it was no wonder. I will not repeat all the abuse he lavished on my adored Hester and myself, for a couple of jilts, the one as bad as the other. He said nothing should induce him to countenance such villainy and such treachery to my own cousin, John Hartland. I left the house under his severe displeasure.

My mother, to whom I confided my distress, could give me no consolation. My uncle, since my father's death and pecuniary misfortunes, was the arbiter of our destinies. Hester's parents would not hear of our marriage, and were exasperated at her giving up John Hartland, whose fortune was considerable. I was taunted on all sides with my three proposals, and not allowed even to see Hester. I wrote to her privately, through the medium of my sister Jane; but in reply to some desperately wild scheme of mine, tending to Gretna Green, living in deserts, working for our bread, &c., she wrote me a letter, which I thought selfishly cold and reasonable. In it, she advised me to do the only thing left for me, which was, to conciliate my uncle by accepting his assistance in the only way he would give it, and trust to time and constancy for the rest. I was so much hurt by this, as I considered, cold-hearted advice to leave her, and go to India, that I would not answer the letter. I took the advice it contained, however, and accepted the appointment, everything being so speedily arranged that I escaped all leave-takings, except of my mother, sister, and uncle. My heart seemed paralysed, and I scarcely felt even curiosity as to the effect of my departure on those who had lately so deeply interested me. I felt as if a part of my life was over—that it was the past, and I did not wish ghost or shadow of it to mingle with my future. And thus I began my career in India.

CHAPTER III.

Fifteen years of my life in India were over; another "past" had closed behind me. The incidents of this time were so distinct, and so totally unconnected with the previous years, that it would not be difficult to believe that they scarcely belonged to the same individual. Soon, very soon after my leaving England, the death of my beloved mother took away almost the only link that bound me in intimate associations with home.

My sister Jane had been married not long before this event to John Hartland. Between him and myself there had never been much cordiality; but I was glad that my sister was suitably married and provided for. She wrote to me but seldom, and seemed as resolved not to tell me any news of people who had once so much interested me, as I was not to ask for it. My poor mother had been my correspondent, and I felt her letters were her occupation—that she was with me while she wrote, and her presence seemed with me as I read her letters. But with my sister it was different; hers were shorter letters, and apologies for want of time, and its being "only half an hour to the post," and the baby teething, "and dear John waiting for her to go out"—all, in short, that so forcibly tells the absent he is the last of all to be attended to, that "time" is to be had for everything but to write to him. This disgusted me at last, and the home-communications were "few and far between" enough.

It has been necessary to state thus much in order to explain that after fifteen years, bronzed by a tropical sun, and with iron-gray hair, I turned my thoughts homewards, with scarcely the certainty of one friendly face to greet me, or one hand to clasp mine. The desolateness of this coming home dismayed me; my thoughts turned vividly to the past, and I forgot the flight of years. The General—I omitted to mention him—was still living, but almost childish. It was understood that he would leave all he had to the Hartlands, who lived near him. To this I was tolerably indifferent by a singular event, a history in itself. I had become possessor of considerable wealth, bequeathed to me by a native of high caste, to whom I had been enabled to render some service. Then it was that I felt that longing desire for *home* in the abstract, which in the reality was so dreary to me; and then it was that the singular fact of my triple engagement came back upon me, and I took a somewhat hazardous resolution—I wrote a letter to each of the three women to whom I had been betrothed. Reader, with the silken curls, do not smile and shake your head. I did this seriously and candidly. I knew not what had become of either of these women, who had in turn engrossed my youthful fancy. Strangely enough, not one trace had I of their destiny; but giving my simple blushing May-rose the prior claim, I wrote to each, offering my hand, if they, that is, either of them, chose to accept it.

It was some puzzle to me how to get the letters conveyed to them; but a lawyer friend who was sailing for England, and to whom I confided the delicate mission, furnished with what slight clues I could give him, undertook to find out "the parties," and to communicate to me the result.

This was something for me to look forward to; I had put my destiny out of my own power, and that strong life of the affections, in which alone I could live, clung rather to these old associations than to any new ties. I had acquired the habit, too, of waiting, I will not say patiently, but of looking forward as those only can do who live in colonies, and with whom every transaction depends on a distant post; the answer to the simplest question of the commonest decision being a matter of months of waiting. This habit of looking forward to a distant day is only learned in banishment, and perhaps it makes the time pass more quickly. At last a letter arrived from Williamson; I eagerly tore it open, and found two enclosures, sealed, and addressed to me. There was one in a hand I recognized instantly, even though its character was changed: it was that of the May-rose; but a much freer, more careless hand than formerly, with inordinately long tails to the y's and g's. I gazed long on the superscription, remembering all the neatly written notes, on pink paper, that had once so gladdened my eyes; then I looked at the seal, and tried to guess the contents. The seal had a widow's lozenge on it. Next, with a strange perversity to prolong suspense, I examined the other letter. It was not the writing of Hester Dering; that I saw at a glance; it was that of Justina. I held one in either hand, as if weighing them in a balance, and wondered, as I had wondered fifteen years ago, which of the two would decide my fate, hesitating which I should open first. The first love prevailed, and I tore open the seal of Rose's letter. It was as follows:

"Who would have thought it! So you are really and truly in the land of the living, and not entirely used up in that horrid hot country!" (I glanced at the signature, it was "Rose"—or I should have thought it more likely to be Justina.) "Pray, come back again," it went on. "Je suis enchantee, ravie, delighted, charmed to hear you are likely to be in town this season, which will not be quite over, if you make haste. I did not go out all last year, because I was in weeds, and was in such very bad spirits, of course, after my bereavement. Ah, my dear friend, great has been my affliction, and so very kind of him to leave me so well off. But that will not influence you, I am sure, as you did not know it, and shall not make any difference to me, though I cannot afford to marry upon nothing, as I have my position to keep up, and all that, and don't much like a mere Mr. after being Lady Coddleton, though only a knight. But I remember you very well, and never can forget—and you promised to be good looking, though such a boy then; and I was very unhappy, and you don't deserve I should forgive you. I am sorry for one thing in your letter, which is, that I must send a positive answer, for who knows what you have turned out? As to myself, I am very much admired, and always taken for twenty-five; so I should not like you to mention to anybody, whether it is off or on, how long ago it was since we met. So, my dear friend, if it must be positive, my answer is —. O dear! I can't quite commit myself by saying yes. So, pray excuse me; and, with kindest regards, believe me, yours affectionately,

Rose.

"P. S.—I forgot to mention that I have one sweet little angel-pledge of married life. She is a wild bird, and very tall of her age."

"Good heavens, how altered!" I exclaimed, throwing down the letter. "Is this the simple, artless May-rose! Surely more than fifteen years of worldliness and folly must have passed over that heart. She is free, indeed; but what a blessing she has not accepted me!"

Before I read the answer from Justina, I turned to Williamson's letter. Vain had been all his inquiries after Miss Dering—all that he knew was that she had gone with her father and mother to live in that very vague locality—"abroad." Some one had told him that she was dead—another, that she was married, and it was her mother who was dead—then he heard it was her father who was dead—and last, and with more probability, that her mother was dead, and her father had married again; but of herself, personally, he could learn nothing.

Let Justina's letter speak for itself:

"My Dear Sir—In alluding to the days of sin and folly which you designate as 'happy youth,' I see too great a probability that you are still unconvinced of the great fact of man's utter misery. I am surprised at your thinking of so important an affair as marriage without an inquiry into the state of my soul, and it shows me the lamentable condition of worldliness you are in. I am happy to say that till last February twelvemonth I was allowed to multiply my transgressions by living to the world, so that, up to the moment of my conversion, I was misled by no false moral motives. A single sermon from that truly pious minister, the Rev. Samuel Smalley, showed me the evil of my ways. If you can give me any satisfactory account of yourself, which I much fear, from your letter, will not be the case, I shall be happy to confer with you on the subject you mention when you return. I am still unmarried, but I devote all my time and means to the enlightenment of such unhappy friends who are still groping in darkness, in which I am aided by the truly delightful mind of Mr. Smalley. A most interesting case has just fallen under our view—a worldly, beautiful and rich widow, whose conversion under Providence we hope to effect, and which will be a bright jewel in the saintly crown of pious Mr. Smalley and my humble self. The name of this daughter of Philistia is Lady Coddleton, a neighbor of mine in Hampshire. As to that unhappy darkened individual, the General, my late guardian, nothing will induce him to listen to any exhortations to improve his frame of mind, and the Rev. Mr. Smalley has submitted to more indignities from him than I can mention without pain. As you ask for a positive answer to your proposal of marriage, I will tell you candidly that I accept it, and shall receive you (D. V.) when you arrive as my affianced husband. I beg to remain sincerely yours,

Justina Warner."

I read this epistle through once, and I confess the effect it had on me was to provoke the heartiest fit of laughter I had known for many a day. I read it again, and was rather sobered by the announcement at the end; this was the only part of it that was characteristic—the only part I could realize as being written by the lively, high-spirited brunette. I remembered well the scene at the ball, when she had taken my compliments *au pied de la lettre*, and almost insisted on my "telling the general" on the spot. The same kind of nervous sensation came over me, and I again wished I had not "committed myself."

Then I read the letter a third time, and failed to realize its contents. I could not imagine one word of it to have been written by Justina—the Justina of other times. I dwelt upon this so long, that from a sort of vague curiosity grew up a positive anxiety on the subject. I was anxious to see Justina again. I wondered if she had grown old-fashion-looking and dowdy, and wore bonnets to match her letter—if she talked like it, and had left off slang. But the interest was of some use; it was a point to look to, in the uncertain, misty horizon of "going home." I thought even complacently of her change of ideas; with a little softening down, how delightful a woman might Justina be! Certainly, a dash of seriousness was just what she wanted; and if she had now a little too much, it was a fault on the right side. I felt obliged to Mr. Smalley, or whoever had been the cause of it; and visions passed through my mind of some tokens of respect, in the shape of a present—should it be an inlaid writing-desk, or a shawl for his good old wife, or a set of splendid chessmen?

These thoughts engaged me during my preparations for a prompt departure and on the overland journey home. As I got nearer England, the old memories and associations revived more strongly. I told myself again and again that fifteen years had passed, and everything was changed; but all that intervening time with me had been spent among other thoughts and feelings; nothing in my own life had acted upon the previous impressions; it was completely separated from them, and I felt as if the other two parts should fit into each other, just leaving out the intermediate fifteen years of my Indian life, as though they had been only a dream. I had not a single intimate friend in England, and I have related how entirely I was without correspondents. My first visit was to my sister, Mrs. Hartland, to whom I had written on arriving. They all seemed very glad to see me, and I soon made myself at home. I asked many questions about old friends, and especially about Hester Dering. All that Jane knew was that her mother was dead, and her father had married again. The step-mother was an atrocious woman. Hester had borne with her long, and yet had refused many good offers of marriage. At last, she went to live with her aunt, and my sister had for many years lost sight of her.

I felt a delicacy in mentioning Hester to Hartland. Nothing should have induced me to name her; but when we were left alone after dinner, he suddenly exclaimed, with all the simplicity of a child, "By the by, Gerald, what confounded mistake of yours was that about Hester Dering? Why didn't you marry, after all? She was a deuced nice girl, at that time, I remember."

After this, I did not scruple to try and get some information from him on the subject; but he knew nothing in addition to what his wife had told me, except that her father had had a terrible "smash" in his affairs, and had died suddenly. Neither John Hartland nor my sister had any acquaintance with Lady Coddleton, beyond knowing she had taken a house in the neighborhood for the summer months. I found they were not even aware of her identity with the Rose May of my early days, and I did not enlighten them. Of Justina they told me much, and I soon discovered the information was tinctured with a little jealousy of her great interest with the General. They both disliked her in their different ways—Jane, because she had a vague idea that she stood in the way of the preferment of herself and children; and John Hartland, because she had once caricatured him in the hunting-field.

I therefore took all they said with the allowance of a heavy discount for the General's disputed purse; and in my own case, I observed that as soon as they had ascertained I was more than independent (how much more, I did not divulge), and had no designs on the inheritance, they grew quite fond of me, and were delighted to see me back. A rich bachelor-uncle from India is an acquisition not to be despised in a family of growing-up daughters.

Justina Warner had taken for her abode an estate of about two hundred acres, called Whitethorns, adjoining that of the General. She had at first had a model farm, and kept the land in her own hands, trying every variety of invention in patent implements, and infallible plans for improving the soil; but there was no patent to make the crops come up, and the corn ripen three weeks after it was sown, and she got tired of staying so long in the country. She built a school, and for two whole months, persevered in attending to it herself, and actually cut out with her own hands the pattern of the Red-riding-hood capes in which the girls were to be picturesquely attired. Then her engagements interfered, and it grew to be a Sunday, and not week-day school. Then the season came on, and she must go to town, so that a schoolmistress was hired to supply her place; and perhaps the little scholars did not lose very much by the exchange, although they were allowed to say *could* and *should*, t-o, *too*, and p-u-t, *put*, making it rhyme to *but*; and though their missing *h*s were not always called for.

Fortunately, before her property had become seriously impaired by experimental farming, a tenant was found for the estate; and heartily tired of playing the squiress, Justina went to Paris, Rome, Naples and Vienna, never missing London seasons, and all their dissipations. After an absence of some years, she had returned to Whitethorns, but it was not there that she had received and answered my proposal from India; she had received it during a visit to Cheltenham, which had become a favorite place of resort to her, since she had, as she said, "given up the world."

Although I had been very impatient and curious to see my affianced bride, yet strange as it may seem, I continued at my sister's, within a few miles of Whitethorn's, for several weeks before I could make up my mind to present myself. I felt that it was inevitable, but I also felt it was very much as if I had to pull the string of a shower-bath, or touch the wire of an electrical machine.

My long residence in India had greatly increased my indolent predilection for a "quiet life;" and it seemed to me, that in returning to the associations of my boyish days, I returned to my uncomfortable sensations of boyish shyness.

It was rather a relief to me, therefore, that some indispensable business called me to London, from whence I meant to go at once to the General's; and when there, of course, pay my devoirs to Justina. I was escorted to the railway station by a whole bevy of nieces and nephews, and had multitudes of commissions to execute for them all—from riding-hats and feathers of the last wide-awake fashion for the elder girls, to the largest Noah's Ark that ever was made for little Teddy, and a rocking-horse with a real skin for Jem.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MAN IN THE MOON.—An article has appeared in a very serious cotemporary to the following effect:

"Suppose that a successful attempt were made to obtain a surface for the photographic picture perfectly free from irregularities, capable of distorting the most imperceptible lines of a photograph. Suppose, also, that on this surface a photograph of the moon were taken with every precaution; if this picture were examined under a very powerful microscope, the most minute details would become visible; and if the instrument possessed sufficiently high magnifying power you would be able to see living beings, if there are any residing in that luminary. This is one of the applications of photography to astronomy; and it has been said that an Italian savant, after trying for six years to obtain the result, has succeeded, and has recently been able to obtain pictures of the moon, on which figures of naked animals are depicted, one species of which bore a great resemblance to human beings. * * *

It is certain that important discoveries may be arrived at by this means; the great difficulty being to find a substance on which to take the picture, the surface of which shall be so perfectly even as to receive the luminous image without in the slightest degree distorting its most minute details.—*Photographic News.*

☞ Sometimes I think that no home is truly consecrated till death has entered there.—*Rev. Samuel Longfellow.*

GRIEF, CONSCIENCE, AND FAITH.

BY CLARA MORETON.

With Grief I stood one day so face to face,
That every lineament my eyes could trace:—
Her cheeks were whiter than the drifting snow
Whereon no sunbeam throws a radiant glow.
She laid her marble hand upon my breast—
Good heart! as fades the sunshine in the west,
Thereat the colors of my life grew pale,
And every joy and pleasure straight did fail.
"Oh, Grief!" I cried, "what doest thou with me?
For Christ's dear sake, oh, Grief, I pray thee flee!"
"Ah, but for Christ's dear sake I came," she cried,
"To lead thee, Wanderer, to thy Saviour's side!"
And so my bruised and wounded heart we bore,
And laid the offering at the Saviour's door.

Then Conscience spake, "Is this a gift for Christ?
The heart which friends have careless thrown aside!
All stained with sin!—with earthly passions dyed!
All bruised and faint!—is this a gift for Christ?"
And, trembling, I shrank back in mortal fear,
And answered, "Nay, oh, nay; yet leave it here;
For Christ Himself, was once by friends betrayed,
And I will adjuration make," I said.
"For pity's sake, though great indeed my sin,
In loving creature more than loving Him,
For pity's sake He yet may hear my cry,
And stoop to lift me when He passeth by."
Then Faith cried out, "Oh, ye of little trust!
Christ loves you most when humbled in the dust."

THE SMELL OF IRISH SOIL
A PREVENTIVE OF SNAKES.

Sir Henry Hayes, said my informant (an old lady who had been the wife of a government official in the penal colony at New South Wales,) was what was called in Sydney "a Special." Specials were gentlemen by birth and education, who had been convicted of offences which, however heinous in a legal point of view, did not involve any particular degree of baseness. For instance, Major B———, who, in a violent fit of passion, stabbed his footman for accidentally spilling some soup and soiling the King's livery which the Major was then wearing—was a Special; so was the old German Baron, of whom I may speak to you on another occasion; and so were those Irish gentlemen who took a prominent part in the rebellion, and escaped the fate that awaited Mr. Emmett—Specials. All these kinds of criminals, up to the departure of General Macquarie, and the arrival of Sir Thomas Brisbane, were not treated like common thieves and receivers of stolen property, but with great consideration. If they were not emancipated immediately on their arrival, they were suffered to be at large, without the formality of a ticket of leave. They were, in short, treated rather as prisoners of war on their parole, than as prisoners of the Crown in a penal settlement. Grants of land were not given to them while they were in actual bondage, but they were permitted to locate themselves on any unoccupied pieces of land in the vicinity of Sydney. The greater number of them were well supplied with funds by their relations in England, Ireland, or Scotland, and erected very comfortable, if not particularly handsome, abodes, and laid out gardens and grounds. General Macquarie went a little too far, perhaps. He not only admitted them to his table, as soon as they were emancipated, but he elevated some of them to the magisterial bench.

Sir Henry Hayes built a pretty little cottage on the estate known as Vaucluse, and upon which the house of Mr. William Charles Wentworth now stands. There is not a lovelier site in the known world. Beautifully wooded with evergreens; the land covered with every description of heath, which is in bloom nearly all the year round; a lovely bay of semicircular shape, and forming one of the inlets of the magnificent harbor of Port Jackson spread out before the lawn, its dark blue waters laving the milk-white sand; some black rocks in the distance (known as "the Bottle and Glass") standing out sufficiently far to cause the spray to beat continually over them; the north shore plainly visible across the broad expanse of water,—travel where you will the eye will not rest upon any spot more favored by Nature than that exquisite valley which was called Vaucluse, in consequence of its resemblance in one or two respects to the Vallis Clausus where Petrarch, in the words of Lord Byron,

With his melodious tears gave himself to fame,

To put his crime out of the question, Sir Henry was a man of very great taste, and an Irish gentleman of the old school.

"What was his crime?" I asked, in my then ignorance of this colonial celebrity.

"He carried off by force and violence, a young lady with whom he was passionately in love, and who had several times refused his offers of marriage. The penalty of the offence was transportation for life. I am not quite sure that he was not, in the first instance, sentenced to be hanged. My husband, in common, with many officers, was partial to Hayes; who could be very witty and amusing, and who, whatever may have been his habits in early life, led a most temperate and exemplary life in the colony of New South Wales. He was surrounded by every comfort that money could purchase, and he was always glad to see persons of whom he was in the habit of speaking as 'those of my own order.' The only defect in his manner was, that his air was somewhat too patronising.

"That Hayes was perfectly mad on the crime that led to his banishment, there could not be the slightest question; but upon all other points no one could be more rational. That his statements with reference to his case were untrue, no one who read the report of his trial could doubt for a single moment; but that Hayes himself believed his own version to be the correct one, was equally certain. I never saw Sir Henry but twice, and I must do him the justice to say, that, on neither occasion, did he speak of his case. He was by far too well-bred to think of making the faintest allusion to it. By the way, he did once say in my presence, on the occasion of his killing a fly with the handle of a carving-fork, 'That's how I should like to crush John Philpot Curran;' but upon my husband remarking to him, 'My wife never heard of that person, Hayes;' Sir Henry made me a very low bow, begged me a million pardons, and instantly changed the theme."

"Why was he so inveterate with regard to Mr. Curran?" I inquired.

"It was Mr. Curran, my husband told me, who prosecuted Sir Henry Hayes," was the old lady's reply. "I told you that I only saw Sir Henry twice," she continued. "On the first occasion he called at our house, in a state of great nervous excitement. After being introduced to me, and speaking for a while on various subjects, he thus addressed my husband: 'My dear Major, for the last eleven days I have suffered agonies of mind, and have been praying, from early dawn to dusky night, almost without intermission, to my favorite saint, Saint Patrick. But he seems to take no more notice of me, nor of my prayers, than if I were some wretched thief in a road-gang, with manacles on my leg, and a stone-breaking hammer in my hand.'

"'What is the matter, that you require the aid of Saint Patrick?' said my husband.

"'The matter!' replied Sir Henry. 'You are aware, perhaps, that that part of the country where I live literally swarms with venomous serpents; there are black snakes, brown snakes, gray snakes, yellow snakes, diamond snakes, carpet snakes—in short, every species of snake in the known world. Now, so long as they confined themselves to the lawn and the garden, I did not so much mind. It was bad enough to have them there, but, with caution, I could avoid them. The brutes, however, have lately taken to invade the house. We have killed them in the verandah, and in every room, including the kitchen. Now, it was in consequence of this, that I addressed my prayers to Saint Patrick; and suggested that he might whisper to them to go into other people's houses, and not mine, in order to gratify their curiosity concerning the habits of civilized man: but to no purpose. Last night I found a gentleman, six feet long, and as black as a coal, coiled up on my white counterpane; and another of the same dimensions underneath the bed. However, I am determined they shall not banish me from that abode, but that I will banish them; or, at all events, keep them at a proper distance—say a distance of at least fifty yards from any part of the house. And what I want you to do, my dear Major, is to render me some assistance in the matter.'

"'What do you propose doing?' my husband inquired.

"'You know perfectly well, my excellent friend,' continued Sir Henry, 'that Saint Patrick so managed matters that no snake could ever live on or near Irish soil. The very smell of it is more than enough for them. It will be a matter of time and of money; but to carry out my project I am most firmly resolved.'

"'What do you propose doing? and how can I aid you?' said the Major.

"'Hark ye!' returned Sir Henry. 'I intend to import to this country about five hundred tons of genuine Irish bog, which shall be dug from the estate of a friend of mine. It shall come out in large biscuit barrels. I shall then have a trench dug round my premises, six feet wide and two feet deep; and this trench the Irish earth shall fill.'

"'And do you really believe that Australian snakes will be kept away by your Irish soil, Sir Henry?' said the Major.

"'Believe? Of course, I do! I am quite certain of it,' responded Hayes. 'This very day I have written to my friend in Ireland, and told him to employ an agent to carry out my wishes, and have the bog-earth taken down to Cork for shipment. Now, the favor I have to ask of you is this: to write, in your official capacity, a letter to my agent, which I will enclose to him—such a letter as will lead the captains and doctors of the ships that touch at Cork to fill up the complement of convicts for these shores, to suppose that the soil is for government, and required for botanical purposes; and further I want you to allow it to be consigned to yourself or the colonial secretary. Each ship might remove a quantity of its stone ballast and put the casks of bog in its stead. By these means I should get it all the quicker.'

"My husband endeavored to laugh Sir Henry out of his idea; but in vain. He was firm, and said:

"'If you won't assist me, I must instruct them to charter a ship for the especial purpose, and that would cost a very serious sum of money.'

"My husband, of course, could not think of acting in the matter without previously obtaining the consent of the Governor, who was so amused at the superstitious character of Hayes's enterprise, that his excellency caused the required letter to be written, and handed to him.

"About a year afterwards, the first instalment of the soil arrived—some forty barrels—and was conveyed from Sydney to Vaucluse (a distance of six miles) by water; and within the next year the entire quantity had reached its destination. The trench, in the meantime, had been dug, and all was now ready for 'circumventing,' as Sir Henry expressed it, 'the premises and the vipers at one blow.'

"My husband and myself and a large party of ladies and gentlemen went down to Vaucluse in the government barges to witness the operation of filling in the trench. The superintendent of convicts—a countryman of Hayes, and who believed as implicity as Hayes himself did in the virtue of Irish soil with regard to vipers—lent Sir Henry barrows and shovels and a gang of seventy-five men—all of them Irishmen—in order to complete the work as rapidly as possible. Sir Henry, in person, superintended, and was alternately pathetic and jocular. Some of his running commentaries on Saint Patrick and his wonderful powers, and some snatches of song that he sung in honor of the saint, convulsed with laughter all those who stood around him. The work over, one or two of the men asked for a small quantity of the sacred earth, and Sir Henry said:

"'Well, take it and welcome; but I would rather have given you its weight in gold.'

"Strange to say, from that time forward, Sir Henry Hayes was not visited by snakes. They did not vacate the grounds in the vicinity of Vaucluse, but none were ever seen within the magic circle formed of the Irish earth. Whether the charm is worn out, and whether the Wentworths are invaded, as was Sir Henry, I know not. But this I know, that Captain Piper, who held the appointment of naval officer in the colony, to which Vaucluse was subsequently granted, and from whom Mr. Wentworth purchased it, assured me that, during the many years he lived there with his family, no venomous reptile had ever been killed or observed within Hayes's enclosures, notwithstanding they were plentiful enough beyond it."

I wish the reader to understand that I have simply related the above story as it was told to me, and that I do not offer any opinion as to the efficacy or otherwise of Irish soil in keeping away Australian snakes from any spot upon which it may be placed.

After a pause the old lady resumed:

"I ought to have mentioned that it was on the seventeenth of March—Saint Patrick's Day—that this curious ceremony was performed, and that at its conclusion, at half-past four in the afternoon, we dined with Sir Henry in a large tent formed of the old sails of a ship, which were lent to him for the occasion by the captain of the vessel then lying in the harbor. Sir Henry was in excellent spirits, and, when the evening closed in, he sang several Irish melodies with great sweetness and pathos. To every one present he made himself extremely agreeable, and, on the whole, I never spent a happier day in my life, albeit I was the guest of a Special convict."

WATER-PROOF BLACKING NOT USEFUL.

A manufacturer sends us some boxes of "Water-Proof Blacking"—"warranted to render boots, shoes, and all kinds of leather perfectly impervious to moisture," with the request that it should be "favorably noticed in the American Agriculturist—and a long advertisement will be inserted." We cannot oblige the sender, for two important reasons. First: We never sell "notices," and advertisements are never solicited—at least on any such terms. Second: We don't believe in these "water-proof blackings," and of course advise people not to use them. As a general thing, blacking of any kind rots leather; and especially is this the case with anything that stops the pores. The leather is injured, and the feet kept cold by the moisture from the feet, which is kept from escaping by stopping the pores with various compounds, tallow, etc. Not unfrequently a gill or more of watery vapor escapes from the feet during a day. The amount varies in different persons, and with the age, physical condition or health, etc. If India rubber boots or those of leather saturated with oil, grease, or other impervious substances be worn, this moisture is in a measure retained—though some of it escapes upward along the legs. Every one accustomed to oil or grease their boots all over, must have noticed that, for a day or two after the application, the socks get nearly wet enough to wring out.

India-rubber over-shoes injure or "rot" leather, as is well known; but it is not the mere contact of the rubber, for that of itself would preserve leather. On the contrary, it is the moisture retained by the rubber which keeps the boots or shoes damp, and eventually destroys them.

Latterly, since we have examined this subject, our practice has been, never to grease boots or shoes, even with tallow, except once or twice *on the bottoms* and around the sides near the soles; and we are sure they wear much longer than formerly. The parts over the top of the feet are left as open as possible, so that perspiration can freely escape. This leaves the feet dry and comfortable, and the leather rarely rots, but lasts until actually worn through. If from any cause the boots become very dry and stiff, a little tanner's or neat's-foot oil is applied only to soften them. When necessary to wade through much water, a *thin* coat of oil is applied to the upper leather to make the water "slip off," but not enough to saturate the pores. When rubbers are needed, they are removed as soon as circumstances will admit, to allow the leather to dry speedily. Nothing adds more to comfort, health, and durability of leather, than a frequent change of socks—two or three times a day when the feet are continually exposed to much water, or when health is poor. The dry socks absorb the moisture, to the benefit of both feet and leather.

The best protection for the feet is a pair of leather shoes or boots with thick uppers and especially thick soles—so thick as not to allow the entrance of water, or the free passage of heat or cold, but the pores so open as to allow moisture to escape. Coarse cow hide boots or shoes are not only cheap, but are philosophical.

Females, and men or children who are exposed to the wet ground only part of the day, should keep thick shoes to put on when going out; or have a pair of India rubber sandals (shoes with straps and openings over the top of the foot,) and put these on *only* when going upon wet, damp, or cold ground.—*American Agriculturist.*

☞ The Bewildered Pupil.—In a country school the dominie was giving his Bible lesson, with a good admonisher in the shape of a cane in his right hand. He asked a young hopeful "Who created the heavens and the earth?" The lad not being prepared with the reply, the preceptor asked in a louder voice, at the same time raising his admonisher in a threatening manner over the devoted head of the boy, "Who created the heavens, the earth, the sun, the moon, and the stars, stupid boy? Tell me immediately." The lad blubbered out, extending his hands to protect his head, "It was I, sir, pray forgive me; I'll never do it again!"

☞ Tom—"Don't you think some verses would touch her, Charley—a beautiful pome?" Charley—"Oh, hang your verses, Tom. If you want to enjoy life, drop poetry and the gals altogether, and jine a fire-company."

☞ We suppose there can be no disputing the fact that the first *Arctic* expedition was got up by Noah.

LORD BYRON, BY GUICCIOLI.

We find, in a late French newspaper, the following interesting article on Lord Byron's club-foot; and it derives additional attraction from our suspicion—we had almost said our knowledge—that the person mentioned as "cherishing and guarding his memory with tender piety," is none other than the Countess Guiccioli, who lives now at Paris, the wife of the Marquis de Boissy, and is famous in that dissolute society, not only as the erring mistress of the great poet, [she was the wife of Count Gamba during their criminal intercourse,] but for her concerts, where the best Italian professional and amateur singers may be heard:

Some weeks ago I mentioned Byron. I had just read in Mr. Trelawney's memoirs, recently published at London, and I quoted a passage which struck me—that where Mr. Trelawney speaks of the sight he saw, when, to gratify a sacreligious curiosity, he lifted the shroud which covered Byron's corpse. "It was," says he, "Apollo's bust on a satyr's crooked legs." In quoting this remark, I was far from approving it; even if it be true, Mr. Trelawney was wrong to violate the secret of the grave, and more wrong to divulge it. If Byron was really cursed with the infirmity he speaks of, he should have thrown a veil over it, and never have betrayed the tragic secret. It is the business of menials, not friends, to undress great men. But Mr. Trelawney's delicacy is not only denied, the truth of his assertion is likewise contradicted. A person who was intimate with Byron, and cherishes and guards his memory with tender piety, has been offended by this disparagement of the poet's beauty. She wrote, as soon as she read it, a letter, which we are at liberty to quote. Her delicate testimony is one that cannot be challenged. It reminds us of the lines in Dante's "Beatrice," somewhat altered from their original meaning:

"Mai non appresento natura et arte
Piacer; quanto le belle membra * *
* * * Che son terra sparte."

"Never before did nature or art present an enchantment anything nigh the appearance of this beautiful body, now dissolved in the ground."

Here is the letter she wrote. I omit nothing, except a sharp phrase or two—reprisals Mr. Trelawney must bear without complaint, coming from the hand that inflicts them:

Never, believe it truly, did God shower on any one of his creatures so many gifts as He bestowed on Lord Byron; but, alas! never were men so fond of disputing it. Unable to rise to him, they have tried to pull him down to them. They have spared their attacks on him only in one particular where they knew he could not be attacked. Unable to deny him the possession of great genius, obliged to acknowledge his intellectual superiority, they directed their attacks against his morals; driven to confess that his beauty was almost divine, they invented fables to lead the world to believe his person was marred by mysterious deformities which reduced him below the level of humanity. They gratified their vanity in this noble exercise of their understanding. Fortunately there are witnesses of the truth still alive, and they will not fail to overthrow these erroneous statements, and to avouch the truth. * * * If Lord Byron's legs were so deformed, how is it possible nobody suspected it until his death? Although he was an angel in perfection, nevertheless he did not fall from Heaven full grown, and in full dress, neither did he come unknown from unknown lands. He had nurses in his infancy, and they have been questioned, and have told all they knew of him. They have invariably declared that the child had but one of his feet illy formed, and this in consequence of an accident which had taken place shortly after his birth: he had fallen down. He had been examined by physicians at Nottingham, London, and Dulwich, who endeavored to correct this accidental deformity. When, after Dr. Gleunine's treatment, he was enabled to wear ordinary shoes, the delighted boy announced the fortunate event to his nurse by a letter which has been frequently quoted to exhibit his good heart. Besides, wasn't he at school at Aberdeen, Woolwich, and Harrow? Did he not go to college at Cambridge? Could he at any or all of these places, living as he did with boys of his own age, and leading the usual college life, have concealed his alleged deformity by extraordinary clothes? How does it happen that his school-fellows (most of whom are still alive,) have never mentioned these physical defects of their comrade, defects which make so much impression on children? Would they have waited for Mr. Trelawney's revelations to tell the world that Lord Byron had not only a defective foot, (the result of an accident,) but legs which were monstrous from birth? And if he was cursed with such a deformity could he have distinguished himself among all his comrades by his superiority in every manly exercise? And could he at a later period of his life have distinguished himself in all these exercises and never have betrayed any deformity except the mere defective conformation of his foot, a defect which was scarcely sensible and in no wise diminished his agility or his grace? Did he not ride on horseback with remarkable elegance, swim better than any man of his day, and play successfully every game requiring dexterity and grace? We should ask too: Were all his loves platonic loves? Was he never married? Could he, *were it possible* for him to conceal in these circumstances any such deformities such as Mr. Trelawney alleges? Besides, his body was embalmed by Dr. Millingen, Dr. Bruno and Dr. Meyer, and these medical men spoke of Lord Byron's *perfect* conformation except only as to his foot. Further, there is a charming portrait of Lord Byron when a child, painted by Finden. It represents him standing up and about to shoot a bow; his legs in this portrait are as beautiful and elegant as all the rest of his person. As for Lord Byron's melancholy, it has, to say the least of it, been exaggerated. In the last years of his life, Lord Byron was habitually serene and gay. When he suffered from a momentary melancholy, rest assured the imperfection of his body had no share in raising it, for its beauty equaled in perfection those faculties with which heaven blessed him and made him superior to most men. This melancholy arose from his sensitive, affectionate, poetical temperament, from the loss of loved friends and kindred, from the loss of some of the illusions of youth, and, later in life, from ingratitude, calumny, and all the base and hypocritical passions aroused against him to punish him for his superiority over men. This melancholy arose too from the burthen of the great problems of man's life, which oppress genius even more than common minds. But in the latter years of his life, when a philosophic spirit and religious tendencies (greater than the world has ever suspected or than he was willing to confess even to himself) began to act on him, his mind became more and more serene, and everybody who saw him is agreed that he was habitually gay, playful, and charming.

Assuredly a cause pleaded with such accents as these cannot be otherwise than victorious; but we do confess it, the apocryphal deformity which Mr. Trelawney alleges marred Lord Byron's body, so far from lessening the poet in our eyes, would have increased the poetical halo around him. This insult of nature, this painful mystery, this infirmity dissembled from every eye with the stoical shame which sustained the Spartan lad while he concealed the horrible wound which preyed upon his very vitals, would make of Byron's life a long pathetic drama. As for Byron's *pretended* melancholy, I refuse to disbelieve it. I hold it for true. This shadow sits better on his brow than the most effulgent "glory." Efface it from his portrait you strip him of his prestige. I readily admit that the most magnanimous of men was the most amiable, that he almost always met his friends with a calm and smiling brow. But to deny the secret suffering of his soul, would be to accuse his genius of parodying grief and mocking sorrow. We may affirm, too, that Byron's confessed deformity, light as it was, increased his native melancholy. Evidence abounds on this point, and may be found in his memoirs, which Thomas Moore mutilated but did not falsify. This weakness about his club foot was evident, even in the poet's tenderest youth. A servant said one day while caressing the boy: "What a handsome little fellow Byron is: it is a pity he has such a foot!" The child turned crimson, his eyes flashed fire, and he exclaimed, as he stamped with fury: "Dinna speak of it!" He has himself depicted the horror and humiliation which fired his breast the day his violent mother called him "you ugly lame fellow!" The insult sank into his heart and he placed it in his "Deformed Transformed." "Off with ye! Begone! hunchback!" exclaims *Bertha* to her son *Arnold*. "I was born so, mother," replied *Arnold* with melancholy irony. This very drama, the "Deformed Transformed," itself attests the resentment Byron felt for his bodily defect. He has engraved in every line of it the imprint of his club-foot as the fallen angel to whom he has so often been compared, left his cloven foot on rock and mountain, if legend be believed. Shelley says it was a brutal allusion to his infirmity which made Byron write this terrible drama; and the truth is, had Byron ever been able to forget that he was club-footed, men would have taken good care to remind him of it. He heard Mary Chaworth, whom he loved so well, say one evening to her maid, "Do you think I care for that limping boy!" He confessed afterwards that this phrase pierced his heart through and through. He ran out of the house, and all night long he roamed about the country with fury and despair. Mr. Bailey mentions that when returning with Byron one morning from a capital execution, they met a beggar woman crouched on the steps of a house. Byron held out his purse to her, but the sombre mendicant repelled his hand, and getting up and with a convulsive laugh began to mock his limp. "He did not say a word," says Mr. Bailey, "but as we walked away I felt his arm tremble in mine." One night he quitted aball with the late Mr. Samuel Rogers, and began to look for his carriage: a link boy ran up to Byron, exclaiming, "This way, my lord, this way!" "He seems to know you," said Mr. Rogers. "Know me!" exclaimed Byron, in a bitter tone, "everybody knows me; I'm deformed." One day Mr. Beecher complimented him on his poetical genius: "Ah! my friend," replied Byron, "if this (he laid his hand on his brow) raises me above men, that (he pointed to his foot) places me below them."

How touching and tragical is this resentment borne to nature for so slight an affront. Everything in him was sublime and naturally ideal; beauty, character, genius, all—except this club-foot. How can we wonder that he should so often have cursed it, and have dragged it through life as the convict drags his prison ball and chain? But, in our eyes, this deformity embellishes him. It seems to scar him by a thunderbolt from heaven. It invests him with the poetry of the wounded eagle, which still keeps its eagle eyes proudly fixed on the sun, but lacks those eagle wings which oft had borne it to its cloud capped eyrie. There are infirmities which suit with great men as scars suit with soldiers. Tasso's madness has all the beauty of some sybil's sacred raving; Cervantes's lost hand invests him with a martyr's look; Milton's blindness transfigures his noble head and completes his likeness to old Homer's bust.

"FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY."

FROM THE SPANISH OF VICENTE ESPINEL.

He who is both brave and bold,
Wins the lady that he would;
But the courageless and cold
Never did, and never could.

Modesty, in woman's game,
Is a wily shielding veil;
She is tutored to conceal
Passion's fiercely burning flame.
He who serves them brave and bold,
He alone is understood;
But the courageless and cold
Ne'er could win, and never should.

If you love a lady bright,
Seek, and you shall find a way
All that love would say to say—
If you watch the occasion right.
Cupid's ranks are brave and bold,
Every soldier firm and good;
But the courageless and cold,
Ne'er have conquered—never could.

☞ The Flowery Land.—The Chinese call a cocoanut a cow's egg.—*Punch.* Well, that accounts for the milk in it.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.
IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE FIRST. RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PREPARATION.

When the mail got successfully at Dover, in the course of the forenoon, the head-drawer at the Royal George Hotel opened the coach-door, as his custom was. He did it with some flourish of ceremony, for a mail journey from London in winter was an achievement to congratulate an adventurous traveller upon.

By that time, there was only one adventurous traveller left to be congratulated; for, the two others had been set down at their respective roadside destinations. The mildewy inside of the coach, with its damp and dirty straw, its disagreeable smell, and its obscurity, was rather like a larger sort of dog-kennel. Mr. Lorry, the passenger, shaking himself out of it, in chains of straw, a tangle of shaggy wrapper, flapping hat, and muddy legs, was rather like a larger sort of dog.

"There will be a packet to Calais to-morrow, drawer?"

"Yes, sir, if the weather holds and the wind sets tolerable fair. The tide will serve pretty nicely at about two in the afternoon, sir. Bed, sir?"

"I shall not go to bed till night; but I want a bedroom and a barber."

"And then breakfast, sir? Yes, sir. That way, sir, if you please. Show Concord! Gentleman's valise and hot water to Concord. Pull off gentleman's boots in Concord. (You will find a fine sea-coal fire, sir.) Fetch barber to Concord. Stir about there, now, for Concord!"

The Concord bed-chamber being always assigned to a passenger by the mail, and passengers by the mail being always heavily wrapped up from head to foot, the room had the odd interest for the establishment of the Royal George, that although but one kind of man was seen to go into it, all kinds and varieties of men came out of it. Consequently, another drawer, and two porters, and several maids, and the landlady, were all loitering by accident at various points of the road between the Concord and the coffee-room, when a gentleman of sixty, formally dressed in a brown suit of clothes, pretty well worn, but very well kept, with large square cuffs, and large flaps to the pockets, passed along on his way to his breakfast.

The coffee-room had no other occupant, that forenoon, than the gentleman in brown. His breakfast table was drawn before the fire, and as he sat, with its light shining on him, waiting for the meal, he sat so still, that he might have been sitting for his portrait.

Very orderly and methodical he looked, with a hand on each knee, and a loud watch ticking a sonorous sermon under his flapped waistcoat, as though it pitted its gravity and longevity against the levity and evanescence of the brisk fire. He had a good leg, and was a little vain of it, for his brown stockings fitted sleek and close, and were of a fine texture; his shoes and buckles too, though plain, were trim. He wore an odd little sleek crisp flaxen wig, setting very close to his head: which wig, it is to be presumed, was made of hair, but which looked far more as though it were spun from filaments of silk or glass. His linen, though not of a fineness in accordance with the stockings, was as white as the tops of the waves that broke upon the neighboring beach, or the specks of sail that glinted in the sunlight far at sea. A face, habitually suppressed and quieted, was still lighted up under the quaint wig by a pair of moist bright eyes that must have cost their owner, in years gone by, some pains to drill to the composed and reserved expression of Tellson's Bank. He had a healthy color in his cheeks, and his face, though lined, bore few traces of anxiety. But, perhaps, the confidential bachelor clerks in Tellson's Bank were principally occupied with the cares of other people; and perhaps second-hand cares, like second-hand clothes, come easily off and on.

Completing his resemblance to a man who was sitting for his portrait, Mr. Lorry dropped off asleep. The arrival of his breakfast roused him, and he said to the drawer, as he moved his chair to it:

"I wish accommodation prepared for a young lady who may come here at any time to-day. She may ask for Mr. Jarvis Lorry, or she may only ask for a gentleman from Tellson's Bank. Please to let me know."

"Yes, sir. Tellson's Bank in London, sir."

"Yes."

"Yes, sir. We have oftentimes the honor to entertain your gentlemen in their travelling backwards and forwards betwixt London and Paris, sir. A vast deal of travelling, sir, in Tellson and Company's House."

"Yes. We are quite a French house, as well as an English one."

"Yes, sir. Not much in the habit of such travelling yourself, I think, sir?"

"Not of late years. It is fifteen years since we—since I—came last from France."

"Indeed, sir! That was before my time here, sir. Before our people's time here, sir. The George was in other hands at that time, sir."

"I believe so."

"But I would hold a pretty wager, sir, that a House like Tellson and Company was flourishing a matter of fifty, not to speak of fifteen years ago?"

"You might treble that, and say a hundred and fifty, yet not to be far from the truth."

"Indeed, sir!"

Rounding his mouth and both his eyes, as he stepped backward from the table, the waiter shifted his napkin from his right arm to his left, dropped into a comfortable attitude, and stood surveying the guest while he ate and drank, as from an observatory or watch-tower. According to the immemorial usage of waiters in all ages.

When Mr. Lorry had finished his breakfast, he went out for a stroll on the beach. The little narrow, crooked town of Dover hid itself away from the beach, and ran its head into the chalk cliffs, like a marine ostrich. The beach

was a desert of heaps of sea and stones tumbling wildly about, and the sea did what it liked, and what it liked was destruction. It thundered at the town, and thundered at the cliffs, and brought the coast down, madly. The air among the houses was of so strong a piscatory flavor that one might have supposed sick fish went up to be dipped in it, as sick people went down to be dipped in the sea. A little fishing was done in the port, and a quantity of strolling about by night, and looking seaward: particularly at those times when the tide made, and was near flood. Small tradesmen, who did no business whatever, sometimes unaccountably realized large fortunes, and it was remarkable that nobody in the neighborhood could endure a lamplighter.

As the day declined into the afternoon, and the air, which had been at intervals clear enough to allow the French coast to be seen, became again charged with mist and vapor, Mr. Lorry's thoughts seemed to cloud too. When it was dark, and he sat before the coffee-room fire, awaiting his dinner as he had awaited his breakfast, his mind was busily digging, digging, digging, in the live red coals.

A bottle of good claret after dinner does a digger in the red coals no harm, otherwise than as it has a tendency to throw him out of work. Mr. Lorry had been idle a long time, and had just poured out his last glassful of wine with as complete an appearance of satisfaction as is ever to be found in an elderly gentleman of a fresh complexion who has got to the end of a bottle, when a rattling of wheels came up the narrow street, and rumbled into the inn-yard.

He set down his glass untouched. "This is Mam'selle!" said he.

In a few minutes the waiter came in, to announce that Miss Manette had arrived from London, and would be happy to see the gentleman from Tellson's.

"So soon?"

Miss Manette had taken some refreshment on the road, and required none then, and was extremely anxious to see the gentleman from Tellson's immediately, if it suited his pleasure and convenience.

The gentleman from Tellson's had nothing left for it but to empty his glass with an air of stolid desperation, settle his odd little flaxen wig at the ears, and follow the waiter to Miss Manette's apartment. It was a large, dark room, furnished in a funereal manner with black horsehair, and loaded with heavy dark tables. These had been oiled and oiled, until the two tall candles on the table in the middle of the room were gloomily reflected on every leaf, as if *they* were buried in deep graves of black mahogany, and no light to speak of could be expected from them until they were dug out.

The obscurity was so difficult to penetrate that Mr. Lorry, picking his way over the well-worn Turkey carpet, supposed Miss Manette to be, for the moment, in some adjacent room, until, having got past the two tall candles, he saw standing to receive him by the table between them and the fire, a young lady of not more than seventeen, in a riding cloak, and still holding her straw travelling-hat by its ribbon, in her hand. As his eyes rested on a short, slight-pretty figure, a quantity of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes that met his own with an inquiring look, and a forehead with a singular capacity (remembering how young and smooth it was), of lifting and knitting itself into an expression that was not quite one of perplexity, or wonder, or alarm, or merely of a bright fixed attention, though it included all the four expressions—as his eyes rested on these things, a sudden vivid likeness passed before him, of a child whom he had held in his arms on the passage across that very Channel, one cold time, when the hail drifted heavily and the sea ran high. The likeness passed away, say, like a breath along the surface of the gaunt pier glass behind her, on the frame of which, a hospital procession of negro cupids, several headless and all cripples, were offering black baskets of Dead-Sea fruit to black divinities of the feminine gender—and he made his formal bow to Miss Manette.

"Pray take a seat, sir." In a very clear and pleasant young voice: a little foreign in its accent, but a very little indeed.

"I kiss your hand, miss," said Mr. Lorry, with the manners of an earlier date, as he made his formal bow again, and took his seat.

"I received a letter from the Bank, sir, yesterday, informing me that some new intelligence—or discovery——"

"The word is not material, miss; either word will do."

"—respecting the small property of my poor father whom I never saw—so long dead——"

Mr. Lorry moved in his chair, and cast a troubled look towards the hospital procession of negro cupids. As if *they* had any help for anybody in their absurd baskets!

"—rendered it necessary that I should go to Paris, there to communicate with a gentleman of the Bank, so good as to be despatched to Paris for the purpose.

"Myself."

"As I was prepared to hear, sir."

She curtseyed to him (young ladies made curtseys in those days,) with a pretty desire to convey to him that she felt how much older and wiser he was than she. He made her another bow.

"I replied to the Bank, sir, that as it was considered necessary, by those who know, and who are so kind as to advise me, that I should go to France, and that as I am an orphan and have no friend who could go with me, I should esteem it highly if I might be permitted to place myself, during the journey, under that worthy gentleman's protection. The gentleman had left London, but I think a messenger was sent after him to beg the favor of his waiting for me here."

"I was happy," said Mr. Lorry, "to be entrusted with the charge. I shall be more happy to execute it."

"Sir, I thank you indeed. I thank you very gratefully. It was told me by the Bank that the gentleman would explain to me the details of the business, and that I must prepare myself to find them of a surprising nature. I have done my best to prepare myself, and I naturally have a strong and eager interest to know what they are."

"Naturally," said Mr. Lorry. "Yes—I——"

After a pause, he added, again settling the crisp flaxen wig at the ears:

"It is very difficult to begin."

He did not begin, but, in his indecision, met her glance. The young forehead lifted itself into that singular expression—but it was pretty and characteristic, besides being singular—and she raised her hand, as if with an involuntary action she caught at, or stayed, some passing shadow.

"Are you quite a stranger to me, sir?"

"Am I not?" Mr. Lorry opened his hands, and extended them outward with an argumentative smile.

Between the eyebrows and just over the little feminine nose, the line of which was as delicate and fine as it was possible to be, the expression deepened itself as she took her seat thoughtfully in the chair by which she had hitherto remained standing. He watched her as she mused, and, the moment she raised her eyes again, went on:

"In your adopted country, I presume, I cannot do better than address you as a young English lady, Miss Manette?"

"If you please, sir."

"Miss Manette, I am a man of business. I have a business charge to acquit myself of. In your reception of it, don't heed me any more than if I was a speaking machine—truly, I am not much else. I will, with your leave, relate to you, miss, the story of one of our customers."

"Story!"

He seemed willfully to mistake the word she had repeated, when he added, in a hurry,

"Yes, customers; in the banking business we usually call our connexion our customers. He was a French gentleman; a scientific gentleman; a man of great acquirements—a Doctor."

"Not of Beauvais?"

"Why, yes, of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of repute in Paris. I had the honor of knowing him there. Our relations were business relations, but confidential. I was at that time in our French House, and, had been—oh! twenty years."

"At that time—I may ask, at what time, sir?"

"I speak, miss, of twenty years ago. He married—an English lady—and I was one of the trustees. His affairs, like the affairs of many other French gentlemen and French families, were entirely in Tellson's hands. In a similar way, I am, or I have been, trustee of one kind or other for scores of our customers. These are mere business relations, miss; there is no friendship in them, no particular interest, nothing like sentiment. I have passed from one to another, in the course of my business life, just as I pass from one of our customers to another in the course of my business day; in short, I have no feelings; I am a mere machine. To go on——"

"But this is my father's story, sir; and I begin to think"—the curiously roughened forehead was very intent upon him—"that when I was left an orphan, through my mother's surviving my father only two years, it was you who brought me to England. I am almost sure it was you."

Mr. Lorry took the hesitating little hand that confidingly advanced to take his, and he put it with some ceremony to his lips. He then conducted the young lady straightway to her chair again, and, holding the chair-back with his left hand, and using his right by turns to rub his chin, pull his wig at the ears, or point what he said, stood looking down into her face while she sat looking up into his.

"Miss Manette, it *was* I. And you will see how truly I spoke of myself just now, in saying I had no feelings, and that all the relations I hold with my fellow-creatures are mere business relations, when you reflect that I have never seen you since. No: you have been the ward of Tellson's House since, and I have been busy with the other business of Tellson's House since. Feelings! I have no time for them, no chance of them. I pass my whole life, miss, in turning an immense pecuniary Mangle."

After this odd description of his daily routine of employment, Mr. Lorry flattened his flaxen wig upon his head with both hands (which was most unnecessary, for nothing could be flatter than its shining surface was before,) and resumed his former attitude.

"So far, miss (as you have remarked,) this is the story of your regretted father. Now comes the difference. If your father had not died when he did—Don't be frightened! How you start!"

She did, indeed, start. And she caught his wrist with both her hands.

"Pray," said Mr. Lorry, in a soothing tone, bringing his left hand from the back of the chair to lay it on the supplicatory fingers that clasped him in so violent a tremble; "pray control your agitation—a matter of business. As I was saying—"

Her look so discomposed him that he stopped, wandered, and began anew:

"As I was saying: if Monsieur Manette had not died; if he had suddenly and silently disappeared; if he had been spirited away; if it had not been difficult to guess to what dreadful place, though no art could trace him; if he had an enemy in some compatriot who could exercise a privilege that I in my own time have known the boldest people afraid to speak of in a whisper, across the water, there; for instance, the privilege of filling up blank forms for the consignment of any one to the oblivion of a prison for any length of time; if his wife had implored the King, the Queen, the Court, the clergy, for any tidings of him, and all quite in vain;—then the history of your father would have been the history of this unfortunate gentleman, the Doctor of Beauvais."

"I entreat you tell me more, sir."

"I will. I am going to. You can bear it?"

"I can bear anything but the uncertainty you leave me in at this moment."

"You speak collectedly, and you—*are* collected. That's good!" (Though his manner was less satisfied than his words.) "A matter of business. Regard it as a matter of business—business that must be done. Now, if this Doctor's wife, though a lady of great courage and spirit, had suffered so intensely from this cause before her little child was born—"

"The little child was a daughter, sir."

"A daughter. A—a—matter of business—don't be distressed. Miss—if the poor lady had suffered so intensely before her little child was born, that she came to the determination of sparing the poor child the inheritance of any part of the agony she had known the pains of, by rearing her in the belief that her father was dead—No, don't kneel! In Heaven's name why should you kneel to me!"

"For the truth. Oh dear, good, compassionate sir, for the truth!"

"A—a matter of business. You confuse me, and how can I transact business, if I am confused? Let us be clear-headed. If you could kindly mention now, for instance, what nine times ninepence are, or how many shillings in twenty guineas, it would be so encouraging. I should be so much more at my ease about your state of mind."

Without directly answering to this appeal, she sat so still when he had very gently raised her, and the hands that had not ceased to clasp his wrists were so much more steady than they had been, that she communicated some reassurance to Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

"That's right, that's right. Courage! Business! You have business before you; useful business. Miss Manette, your mother took this course with you. And when she died—I believe broken-hearted—having never slackened her unavailing search for your father, she left you, at two years old, to grow to be blooming, beautiful, and happy, without the dark cloud upon you of living in uncertainty whether your father soon wore his heart out in prison, or wasted there through many lingering years."

As he said the words, he looked down, with an admiring pity, on the flowing golden hair; as if he pictured to himself that it might have been already tinged with gray.

"You know that your parents had no great possessions, and that what they had was secured to your mother and to you. There has been no new discovery, of money, or of any other property; but——"

He felt his wrist held closer, and he stopped. The expression in the forehead, which had so particularly attracted his notice, and which was now immovable, had deepened into one of pain and horror.

"But he has been—been found. He is alive. Greatly changed, it is too probable; almost a wreck, it is possible: though we will hope the best. Still, alive. Your father has been taken to the house of an old servant in Paris, and we are going there; I, to identify him, if I can; you, to restore him to life, love, duty, rest, comfort."

A shiver ran through her frame, and from it through his. She said, in a low, distinct, awe-stricken voice, as if she were saying it in a dream,

"I am going to see his ghost! It will be his ghost, not him!"

Mr. Lorry quietly chafed the hands that held his arm.

"There, there, there! See now, see now! The best and the worst are known to you now. You are well on your way to the poor wronged gentleman, and, with a fair sea voyage, and a fair land journey, you will be soon at his dear side."

She repeated in the same tone, sunk to a whisper,

"I have been free, I have been happy, yet his ghost has never haunted me!"

"Only one thing more," said Mr. Lorry, laying stress upon it as a wholesome means of enforcing her attention; "he has been found under another name; his own, long forgotten or long concealed. It would be worse than useless now to inquire which; worse than useless to seek to know whether he has been for years overlooked, or always designedly held prisoner. It would be worse than useless now to make any inquiries, because it would be dangerous. Better not to mention the subject, anywhere or in any way, and to remove him—for a while at all events—out of France. Even I, safe as an Englishman, and even Tellson's, important as they are to French credit, avoid all naming of the matter. I carry about me, not a scrap of writing openly referring to it. This is a secret service altogether. My credentials, entries, and memoranda, are all comprehended in the one line, 'Recalled to Life;' which may mean anything. But what is the matter! She doesn't notice a word! Miss Manette!"

Perfectly still and silent, and not even fallen back in her chair, she sat under his hand, utterly insensible, with her eyes open and fixed upon him, and with that last expression looking as if it were carved or branded into her forehead. So close was her hold upon his arm, that he feared to detach himself, lest he should hurt her; therefore he called out loudly for assistance without moving.

A wild-looking woman, whom, even in his agitation, Mr. Lorry observed to be all of a red color, and to have red hair, and to be dressed in some extraordinary tight-fitting fashion, and to have on her head a most wonderful bonnet like a Grenadier wooden measure, and good measure, too, or a great Stilton cheese, came running into the room in advance of the inn servants, and soon settled the question of his detachment from the poor young lady, by laying a brawny hand upon his chest, and sending him flying back against the nearest wall.

("I really think this must be a man!" was Mr. Lorry's breathless reflection, simultaneously with his coming against the wall.)

"Why, look at you all!" bawled this figure, addressing the inn servants. "Why don't you go and fetch things, instead of standing there staring at me? I am not so much to look at, am I? Why don't you go and fetch things? I'll let you know, if you don't bring smelling-salts, cold water, and vinegar, quick, I will!"

There was an immediate dispersal for these restoratives, and she softly laid the patient on a sofa, and tended her with great skill and gentleness; calling her "my precious!" and "my bird!" and spreading her golden hair aside over her shoulders with great pride and care.

"And you in brown!" she said, indignantly turning on Mr. Lorry; "couldn't you tell her what you had to tell her, without frightening her to death? Look at her, with her pretty pale face and her cold hands. Do you call *that* being a Banker!"

Mr. Lorry was so exceedingly disconcerted by a question so hard to answer, that he could only look on, at a distance, with much feeble sympathy and humility, while the strong woman, having banished the inn servants under the mysterious penalty of "letting them know" something not mentioned if they stayed there staring, recovered her charge by a regular series of gradations, and coaxed her to lay her drooping head upon her shoulder.

"I hope she will do well now," said Mr. Lorry.

"No thanks to you in brown, if she does. My darling pretty!"

"I hope," said Mr. Lorry, after another pause of feeble sympathy and humility, "that you accompany Miss Manette to France?"

"A likely thing, too," replied the strong woman. "If it was ever intended that I should go across salt water, do you suppose Providence would have cast my lot in an island?"

This being another question hard to answer, Mr. Jarvis Lorry withdrew to consider it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF EUROPEAN NATIONS.—A statement compiled by the Albany Argus, from various sources, compares as follows the Powers interested in this contest:—

	Population.	Debt.	Army.
Austria,	46,149,688	$1,250,000,000	738,624
France,	36,039,364	1,436,000,000	409,062
G. Britain and Ireland,	27,675,321	3,774,465,000	175,919
Prussia,	16,346,625	151,800,000	127,742
Russia,	54,092,000	483,000,000	700,000
Spain,	14,216,219	769,000,000	132,933
Italian States.			
Lucca,	182,000	179,000	490
Modena,	586,458		14,656
Parma,	592,841	1,239,000	6,113
San Marino,	7,606		800
Sardinia,	5,117,542	128,500,000	47,915
States of Ch.	2,898,115	82,000,000	21,059
Tuscany,	1,778,021	6,900,000	14,759
Two Sicilies,	8,704,472	77,280,000	45,000

If this be correct, Austria is the first military Power of Europe, but probably the army of Austria is stated at the war footing, while that of the other nations is placed at the peace footing. From these statistics, however, it is probable that if Austria has but to contend with Faance and Sardinia, she will give her opponent a serious fight. Should Russia join France, the combination seems too great to be resisted, unless Prussia and the whole German Confederation defend their leading State. Naples, for the present, is in the Austrian interests, and will not join the Sardinians. The Papal States must remain neutral. Denmark is pro-Russian, but were she to join Russia against Austria she would immediately lose her German Duchies, which are still in dispute. England, if France and Russia are really allied, will doubtless be forced to show her weight, if the game grows serious, on the side of Austria. It seems to be almost a maxim in England, that the existence of a great German Power is essential to their own safety.

The composition of the Austrian Empire is as follows, according to the census taken in the year 1854:—

Austria,	2,469,856	Venice,	2,493,968
Salzburgh,	154,370	Hungary,	8,744,491
Styria,	1,095,078	Servia,	1,574,428
Carinthia,	348,150	Croatia,	967,136
Carniola,	505,885	Transylvania,	2,285,572
Istria and Trieste,	613,058	Military frontiers,	1,054,794
Tyrol,	1,925,068		
Bohemia,	4,801,818	Total (not including Imperial army),	39,411,309
Moravia,	1,972,165	Army,	738,624
Silesia,	479,321		
Galicia,	5,056,647	Total,	40,149,933
Bukowina,	430,664		
Dalmatia,	432,337		
Lombardy,	3,008,505		

This aggregate is made up of—

Nationalities.		Creeds.	
Germans,	8,000,000	Catholics,	28,000,000
Sclaves,	15,000,000	Greeks,	7,000,000
Roumans,	8,000,000	Protestants,	4,000,000
Magyars,	4,000,000	Jews, &c.,	1,000,000
Italians, &c.,	5,000,000		
	40,000,000		40,000,000

It is often said that the above mass is naturally incoherent—but it must be remembered that four times did Napoleon vanquish Austria, and dictate peace in or near Vienna, and yet the Empire did not fall to pieces, but resolutely cohered through all. This fact would seem to show that the common idea on the subject, is not well-founded. Besides, the celerity with which Austria has recently gathered her forces together, would seem to show, what some affirm, that her government is very popular at present with the peasantry, and the lower classes generally. It must be remembered that all these fragments of which Austria seems to be made up, may have firmly implanted in them a maxim like the American one, "United we stand, and are great; divided we fall, and are nothing." For it is evident, that Austria once broken up into her original members, those members would soon be absorbed either by Russia or some other great power. Besides, the Catholic religion forms probably the great bond of agreement and union among the various races that compose the kingdom—which races are *almost* as diverse and numerous as those which make up the population of the United States, but which incongruity is not considered by us a source of weakness, but of positive strength.

A VICTIM OF THE SICKLES EXCITEMENT—TERRIBLE SUICIDE.—Alfred Hood, a man about 35 years of age, who was sent to the Insane Asylum at Lick Run, about a week since, committed suicide at that institution day before yesterday, by severing his head almost entirely from his body with a razor. The circumstances of his suicide are so peculiar as to be worthy of relation. Hood, it appears, had, some time previous, been too intimate with another man's wife, and became, in consequence, a prey to remorse, which was greatly increased after the developments in the Key and Sickles case. Hood, who had been rather dissipated before, began to drink to excess, and in the midst of his ravings thought the husband of the injured woman was pursuing him to take his life. This idea took a firmer and firmer hold upon his mind, and his imagination depicted all manner of horrible deaths devised by the man he had wronged. This dread at last became a mania, and the victim of the delusion was committed to the madhouse, where he raged like a demon, ever raving incoherently respecting the injured woman and her husband. On the day of his self-destruction, Hood declared the husband was about to drag him to hell, and falling on his knees, entreated the imaginary avenger to kill him at once and rid him of further torture. The maniac was willing, he said, to be shot, as Key had been, but he prayed not to be burnt in eternal flames.

While in this terrible mood, he obtained possession of a razor, and thinking his life would be an atonement for his crime, he nearly decapitated himself with a hand made strong by madness and desperation.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE Springfield Republican says that the investigation of the North Adams case of seduction, abortion and death, by a coroner's jury, is revealing new and important features in its history. They are not fully developed yet, but threaten to involve the mother of the victim, and possibly the family physician, in the abortion which contributed to, if it did not cause the death. There is some strange testimony in the case; and more to come of which we have but the hint.

NEWS ITEMS.

A MAN pretending to sell pure milk, was detected the other morning, about daybreak, in New York, mixing a white jelly with pure Croton water, that manufacturing the stuff he offers for sale as "the purest Orange and Westchester milk in the city." Thus the lettering on his wagon read.

DESPATCHES have been forwarded from our Government to Mr. Bigler, Minister to Chili, requiring him to make prompt demand on the Government of that country for satisfaction for the outrages committed by the soldiery on American citizens.

THE correspondent of the St. Louis Republican gives very discouraging accounts of the Pike's Peak mines. A large number of disappointed miners were returning, being without means of subsistence. It was feared that many would die of starvation, and that others would attack out-going trains for food.

INSTRUCTIONS have been sent to Utah, to Gen. Johnston, not to order out the troops as a *posse comitatus*, unless by the order of Governor Cumming, and explanations with regard to the President's former proclamation were transmitted, the purport of which is represented to be that the amnesty therein allowed extends only to political offences. As Judge Cradlebaugh's efforts were to punish certain Mormons on other and different charges, the prominent, if not the only blame attached to him is, in calling on General Johnston for troops. There has not yet, however, been any definite action on the Judge's conduct. General Johnston acted strictly in obedience to his orders.

THE Africa recently took $1,250,000 in specie, principally coin, to Europe. These shipments of specie are tightening the money market, as, if continued, they must cause a calling in of notes by the banks.

THE peasants on the estates of the Princess Stcherbatoff, Russia, have recently taken a temperance pledge, and in many other rural districts and towns of Russia a temperance movement has commenced.

MR. MORPHY arrived at New York in the Persia. The same day, he spent a couple of hours at the rooms of the New York Chess Club, and played four or five games at the odds of a knight, with Mr. F. Perrin, one of the strongest players in this country, and easily won all the games but one. Telegrams have been received from all parts of the country, to know what route Mr. Morphy will take on his way to New Orleans, so that arrangements can be made for his proper reception. Before leaving for home (in about a month), he will visit Boston, where a public dinner has been tendered him. At the urgent solicitation of his friends, Mr. Morphy has determined to play no more blindfold games.

THE Judson girl, of Pontiac, Mich., whose marriage with a negro has given her much notoriety, and who now dwells with him in a shanty, at Windsor, C. W., has written a letter to a newspaper, in which she says her parents never "mistrusted" her intentions of marriage, and she denies that her father taught amalgamation as right.

IN the suit at Augusta, Ga., against Swann & Co., for the illegal vending of lottery tickets, the jury found a verdict against them. The case will be carried to the Supreme Court.

IN the African church in Church street, N. Y., the inscription cut on the marble slab over the entrance reads thus: "And the people sat in *darkness*." This inscription is actually there. What wicked wag was it who seriously recommended it as an appropriate one for a negro congregation?

LARGE numbers of charts of the English coast, of the English islands in the Mediterranean, and of the coast of India, have been ordered by France, Russia and Spain. The publisher of whom they were ordered, asked directions of the English Admiralty, and they directed him to fill the orders—amounting to some $10,000—as the required copies could easily be obtained by indirect means. And as many as twenty-seven gun-boats, of very light draught, together with some vessels of larger size, are at present being built on the Thames for the Spanish Government. Spain may merely be acting as an agent, it is thought.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR OLMSTED.—*New York, May* 13.—Professor Denuison Olmsted, LL.D., expired at his residence in his city, at four o'clock this morning, aged sixty-eight years. He was Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Yale College.

THE fortunate husband of the daughter of Mr. Corcoran, the Washington banker, receives with his wife, if rumor be true, a bridal present of $1,000,000.

THE Boston Journal says that the friends of Mr. Hawthorne will be gratified to learn that letters from Rome, under date of April 16, speak of the improved health and probable recovery of Miss Hawthorne, whose dangerous illness was recently reported.

NEW GYMNASIUM.—The donation of $20,000 for the erection of a gymnasium for the students of Cambridge, Mass., given by some gentleman whose name has not transpired, has been put to use. A brick building, costing about $8,000, in octagon form, some 75 feet across with a bowling-alley attached, has been erected, furnished with all necessary apparatus, and suitably endowed, and is to be open for the students of Harvard University.

RIPE CHERRIES.—The editor of the Atlanta (Ga.) American boasts of having feasted on fully ripe cherries on the 28th of April. The variety spoken of ripens at the North about the 30th of May. We have no ripe cherries, but we always have "cherries ripe" grafted on tulips, in the North—which are sweeter still.

WOMAN AS A FARMER.—We learn from a Southern paper, that the most extensive plantation in Louisiana, is managed by a woman—Mrs. A. E. Flint. During the last year she raised 1,800 hogsheads of molasses, and 400 bales of cotton—the largest crop produced on any plantation in that State.

A LIBERAL DONATION.—At the anniversary exercises of the American Bible Society, to-day, Mr. George Douglas, of Douglas Farms, L. I., at the close of a brief address, announced that he now gave the sum of $10,000 to that Society.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

CONSIDERABLE sensation was caused in the New York stock market, on the 12th, by the failure of Jacob Little, the leading bear operator in the New York stock exchange. He has failed on four former occasions—some say, he makes it a point to fail about every two years. The amount of his liabilities is estimated at about two millions. He has been a "bull" of late, and was caught by the falling prices.

THE furniture, at Rydal Mount, near Ambleside, the residence of Wordsworth, was announced for sale by auction on the 5th and 6th of May. Mrs. Wordsworth is dead, and the home that was the poet's is broken up.

AN ARDENT EXPLORER.—Ladislaus Magyar, a Hungarian, in the hope of reaching the interior with more certainty, has married the daughter of the negro King of Bihe, in Upper Guinea. Having by this step become general-in-chief of the armies of his father-in-law, he makes use of his newly-acquired authority to facilitate his researches.

A GREAT effort is making, it is said, to render Cuba a cotton producing island. Planters in almost every section of the island have been led to devote attention to the cultivation of cotton, by the promises of aid, should it be required, of foreign (English) capital; and the government has decreed that the Joint Stock Cotton-Growing Company shall be allowed to import the gins, and other machinery requisite for preparing cotton for market, free of duty.

☞ "Have you decided whether to make your son a soldier or a lawyer?" "No; but I will as soon as I can settle in my own mind whether it is best for him to live upon the blood and misery or upon the vices and follies of his species."

IMPORTANT POST OFFICE REGULATIONS.—We understand that the Post Office Department, with a view of obtaining accurate and reliable information as to the *number of letters* transmitted in the mails, has so changed the blank form of the "account of mails sent" as to secure the official entries therein of the *number* of letters *sent* from each post office; thus to enable the department in future to report the aggregate number of letters mailed throughout the United States in each fiscal year, or during any specified period of shorter duration. The new blanks, calling for this information, will hereafter be supplied to postmasters, and it is presumed that all will have been furnished in time to commence this report by the first of July. Any postmasters not so supplied should insert the number in an additional column of the blanks now in use.—*Washington Union.*

BUSHNELL, one of the Oberlin slave rescuers, has been sentenced to sixty days imprisonment in the county jail, at Cleveland, Ohio, $600 fine, and the costs of the Kentucky officers arrested for kidnapping.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—During the past week the *Flour* market has been in a very feverish and unsettled condition under the war advices, and prices have become considerably inflated, being at the close about $1 ₱ barrel above the rates current last week. The receipts are quite small and the stock is now reduced to a figure much less than at this time last year. The sales comprise 12@14,000 barrels, at $6,62½ up to $7,50 ₱ barrel for superfine, closing with but few sellers at the latter figures, including 3000 barrels Extra at $7@7,6 7½ and 850 barrels Extra Family at $7,75@8. At the close $7,75 was demanded by some holders for Superfine, and $8 ₱ barrel for common Extras; a sale of 300 barrels sour at $6,25. The sales to the home trade range from $7,50 to 8,75 ₱ barrel for common and fancy. Rye Flour is in very limited supply and has advanced 50c ₱ barrel. Small sales at $4,75. Corn Meal is more inquired for, and 1800 barrels Pennsylvania sold at $3,87½@4,-12½ ₱ barrel, and 300 barrels Brandywine at $4,50.

GRAIN—The market is very poorly supplied with Wheat, and it is in active request at an advance of 15@20 cents. Sales of 29,000 bushels at $1,67@1,85 ₱ bushel for Red, and $1,65@1,95 for ordinary and choice White, closing in demand at our highest figures. Rye is active, at an advance of 6 cents. Sales of 5,000 bushels at 90@$1, closing at our highest figures. Corn has also advanced 5@6 cents. Sales of 2,800 bushels Yellow at 90@95 cents early in the week, and since at 96c@$1, including some damaged, at 84@93 cents. Oats have advanced. Sales of 7,000 bushels at 58@58 cents for Southern, and 58@60 cents for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS.—There has been a more buoyant feeling, and prices of green Meats, Bacon, and Lard have advanced. Supplies of Pork come in very slowly. Small sales at $18@18,50 ₱ bbl, cash and on time. Mess Beef sells, for ship stores, at $15@15,50 cash. Bacon—There has been more inquiry, but the stock is light and holders have put up the prices ½@¾ cents ₱ lb. Sales in lots at 10@12 cents for Hams: 9½@10 cents for Sides, and 7½@7¾c for Shoulders, on time. The latter are now held firmly at 8 cents. Of green Salted Meats there is but little stock here with which to operate, and but little coming in. Sales of Hams in salt at 9@9½c and in pickle at 10c; 200 casks Sides at 9c; and 500 casks Shoulders at 6¾@7½c ₱ lb, 60 days. Lard—The stock is very much reduced, and there is very little coming forward. The demand is quite moderate. Sales 300 barrels and tierces at 12@12½c, and kegs 13@13½c ₱ lb, on time. Butter—The market is liberally supplied with Roll Butter, and it commands 13@15c ₱ lb, as in quality. Solid Packed is very dull. Sales of 30,000 lbs at 9½@10c ₱ lb. Cheese is selling at 10½c, and Eggs at 16c.

COTTON—The market has under the war advices, been at a complete stand, the manufacturers holding off and demanding a greater concession of prices than holders are willing to accept. Sales of 700 bales middling fair Uplands at 12½@12¾c, cash; 13c, 4 months; and 13½c ₱ lb, on time, for good middling Gulf, including some low grade at 11½c.

BARK—There is more Quercitron Bark coming forward slowly, and the article is dull. Sales of 40 hhds No 1 at $32 ₱ ton, which is a decline of $1. In Tanner's Bark no change. We quote Spanish at $15, and Chestnut at $11@12 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX—is offered sparingly, and good Yellow commands 37@38c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL continues exceedingly dull. Bituminous Coal is very dull at 14½@15c ₱ bus.

COFFEE—Supplies have been coming forward more freely. The market is very quiet, and the stock has been increased by several arrivals. Sales of 3000 bags Rio, chiefly at 11½@11¾c, on time, and 900 bags Laguayra at 12c ₱ lb, on time.

FEATHERS continue dull, with sales at 46@47c ₱ lb, for good Western.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit of all kinds is dull. Sales of Dried Apples at 7@8½c for inferior and good quality, and Dried Peaches at 7½@10 for unpared quarters and halves, and 14@18 for pared. Green Apples are scarce. A sale of North Carolina Peanuts at $1,50 ₱ bus. A cargo of 11,000 bus African has arrived since our last report.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₱ lb $2@2,50; do, Rocky Mt, $3@3,50; Muskrat Skin 15@20c; Nutria, 30@45; Raccoon, 25@50c.

HEMP—There is no stock here to operate in.

HIDES are unchanged. An import of 5463 Laguayra and Porto Cabello has arrived since our last notice, part of which has been disposed of on private terms.

HOPS meet a limited inquiry. Sales of first sort Eastern and Western at 12@17c, and old at 5@7c—a considerable amount of the latter being held by speculation.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal is extremely dull, and prices are barely maintained. Sales of 400 tons in lots at $24, 23, and $22 ₱ ton, 6 mos, for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is held at $26 ₱ ton, 6 mos, but there is no demand for it. Blooms are steady. Sales of Charcoal at $65@67,50, 6 mos. For Manufactured Iron of all kinds there is a steady inquiry at previous rates.

LEAD—There is no stock of Pig Lead left in first hands, and no sales have been reported.

LEATHER—The market is nearly bare of both prime Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and they are wanted at full prices.

LUMBER—There is a good demand for all kinds, and prices are well maintained. Sales of White Pine Shipping Boards at $15@19; Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $15@16,50, and Hemlock at $11@11,50 ₱ M feet. Laths are selling at $1,-37½@1,75 ₱ M feet, and 4 feet Pickets at $5 ₱ M feet.

MOLASSES—There has been an increased demand, and prices have advanced 2@3c ₱ gallon. Among the sales we notice 100 hhds Clayed Cuba at 25@24c; 900 bbls Matanzas Muscovado at 33c, including one lot on private terms; and some New Orleans at 42c, all on time. The latter is now held at 45c.

SEEDS—There is very little Cloverseed of prime quality offering, and it is worth $5,50 ₱ 64 lbs.—Sales of inferior at $4,50@5. Nothing doing in Timothy. Small sales of American Flaxseed at $1,65.

SUGAR—The market is very quiet, but prices have undergone no change. Sales of 600 hhds Cuba at 6¼@6¾c; 70 hhds New Orleans at 5½@7½c on time, and a small lot of Havana White at 8½@8¾c.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are held firmly, with moderate sales. N E Rum is looking up, sales at 38c; Whiskey has again advanced. Sales of Ohio and Prison bbls at 30@31c; Penna do at 28½@30c; hhds at 28@29c, and Drudge at 27@28c—closing at our highest figures.

TALLOW is scarce. Sales of City Rendered at 10½@11c ₱ lb, cash.

TOBACCO has been dull, but we continue our former quotations for both Leaf and Manufactured. Advices from Virginia state that manufacturing descriptions of Leaf are scarce and high there.

WINES—No sales worthy of notice have been reported.

WOOL is very quiet, and no activity is anticipated until there is some accumulation of stocks of the new clip. Among the sales we notice 20,000 lbs full blood at 55c; 24,000 lbs ¾ blood at 54½c; and 13,000 lbs ½ blood at 50c, all cash.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.—In view of the critical state of affairs in Europe, the following brief review of past wars between Austria and France will refresh the memory of the reader:—

WARS IN THE PAST BETWEEN FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.—Within the last seventy years there have been five wars between France and Austria on the continent of Europe. Austria was one of the first nations that took up arms against the French Revolution. In connection with Prussia, in 1792, her armies invaded France. After a desperate struggle they were driven out by the energy of the French Republican Assembly, and by the valor and military skill of General Demourier. The French Assembly, by a conscription, called out one million two hundred thousand men for the defence of the country, a military exertion which has seldom, if ever, been equalled in military annals.

Prussia and Spain withdrew from the coalition, and, in 1796, Austria was left to sustain the shock of the French in Italy. She was supported by the King of Sardinia, a State which is now her bitter enemy. The French army, under Napoleon, in two campaigns detached Sardinia from her alliance, drove her troops out of Italy, and pursued them into Germany nearly to the gates of Vienna. Under the walls of that capital France dictated peace to Austria in 1796. By that peace she made large cessions of territory and influence in Germany. As a recompense, Napoleon assigned her Venice and Lombardy, and first made her an Italian Power.

In 1799, Austria and Russia took up arms against France, and for a time were very successful. They drove the French out of Italy. In the latter part of that year, however, Napoleon returned from Egypt. He induced the Russian Emperor Paul to withdraw from the Austrian alliance. Having accomplished this he led his army into Italy. On the plains of Marengo he fought a decisive battle, the result of which expelled Austria from Italy. It was soon followed up by the victory of Hohenlinden, in Germany, gained by the French under General Moreau. The French columns were again near Vienna, and again France compelled Austria to sue for peace. In 1804, the Emperor of France became the King of Italy. Immediately after, Austria and Russia attacked France. Such, however, was the power of the latter, that in six months one Austrian army was destroyed at Ulm, and another, together with the Russians, destroyed at Austerlitz. The French entered Vienna and again dictated a peace.

1809, Austria and France again met in collision on the tented field. The French, however, under Napoleon, marched down the valley of the Danube with the velocity, almost, of the wind, and in one campaign took up their quarters in Vienna. A severe and ignominious peace for Austria was the result. In 1813, Austria united with all the great powers of Europe, overthrew the French Empire, and broke down the power which had so often entered the gates of Vienna in triumph. By the treaties of 1814 and 1815, the northern States of Italy, Venice and Lombardy, were ceded to Austria by the leading nations of Europe. It is now on the faith of these treaties that Austria rests her case, and appeals to the rest of Germany, and to England, to assist her in maintaining them inviolate. As they were the treaties which witnessed the humiliation of his uncle, Louis Napoleon has no great respect for them.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

ONE OF THE OBITUARIES.—The following obituary notice was recently published in the New York papers. It is rather peculiar:—

"Yesterday an Irish gentleman died. But a few days ago he was walking down Broadway (perhaps the observed of all observers) in the bloom and freshness of youth—a most remarkably good-looking (not swaggering), fashionably-attired fellow. The pride of his family, the soul of the young and harmless society he moved in—the confidential clerk of the merchant prince in whose employment he was; and lastly, though not least, the admiration of the unexampled and virtuous beauties who ornament and promenade Broadway. To-day he is a cold, an inanimate corpse; but his soul, it is believed and hoped, is in the full enjoyment of the glorious presence of the great man who died on Friday, and who, on the subsequent Sunday, had risen from the dead, to sit upon the throne of thrones, in the heavens of the highest heavens, for the salvation of unfortunate sinners. He was as mild as he was bold; he was as generous as he was brave; as circumspect as he was social, and as discerning as he was unsuspecting. And lastly, no doubt was a good son, who honored his beloved and now bereaved parents, 'that his days might be long in the land.' Alas! however, he has been cut off in the very spring of his promising life, while the world is enjoying one of the most serene and growing Springs the 'oldest inhabitant' can recollect of.

"When in a day or two the earth of his kindred country is making a hollow noise on his otherwise silent coffin (kindred earth, because the great O'Connell and other great men maintained that a strong relationship exists between Ireland and America, as there is not a stone-wall or a barrier—barring a British man-of-war—except the ocean wave, between them), let us all exclaim: 'in the midst of life we are in death.' O! let his particular friends, of whom he had troops, pray to the Great Creator of their being, that M. McMullen, though sent down among the dead men—down—it is but to rise magnanimously again. To finish this poor epistle on a departed friend, the words shall be 'Requiescat in pace.'"

SUICIDE OF A LITTLE GIRL.—The Greenfield Gazette gives the following account of a touching case of suicide by a little girl eight years old, daughter of Warren Leonard, at Deerfield, Mass., on Saturday, April 30: "About 4 o'clock in the afternoon her mother had occasion to correct her for some little misdemeanor, when she became very much excited, and shut herself in a room, where she remained about an hour, when her mother called her to the kitchen. Her little brother, aged six and one-half years, then requested her to go out to play with him. She then left the house with him, saying she would go to the river and drown herself, and started across the meadows upon a run, her little brother following. When they came to the river, she said to him if he would take her clothes back to the house, she would take them off. He tried to prevent her, but she said she should be happy after she should be in the water, and took off her bonnet, when her brother caught hold of her dress to prevent her going in. She broke from him, and walked into the water where it was low at the shore. He watched her until she reached a sufficient depth for the current to carry her out of his sight, when he ran home and gave the alarm. It is the opinion of both parents that she was insane. She had been an easy child to govern before, and the correction at this time was only done by talking. No other method was used."

The body of the child was not recovered until the next day, although immediate efforts were made to find it.

A PROPOSITION FROM BRIGHAM YOUNG.—It is said that Brigham Young has submitted a proposition to a company of capitalists to sell all his right, title and interest to Utah Territory, (don't know whether wives are included) for a reasonable sum of money, and to leave the Territory within a specified time. Some of the company are said to be in Washington, consulting with the Administration. The matter has been kept thus far a profound secret. They desire the aid of the Government in carrying out this praiseworthy undertaking, and it is highly probable that the Government will lend them all the aid in its power. If it cannot be effected in any other way, the subject will be laid before Congress at its meeting.

THE ITALIANS.—The Italians of the present day should be divided into three classes: the moderate and rational men, who, while heartily desiring the emancipation and independence of Italy, believe that these may be obtained by means short of war, and are indisposed, in order to effect an immediate total riddance of the Austrians, to behold their country overrun by the French, of whom they by no means feel certain of getting rid as soon as they might wish. Then comes the war party, breathing bullets and bayonets, hurling hard words at every one who does not fully agree with them; cursing the Austrians, exalting and flattering Count Cavour, and placing implicit confidence in the great Emperor, for whose denunciation many of them, not so very long ago, could not find words sufficiently energetic. According to them, everything will go as smoothly and rapidly as by clockwork. The French march in, are joyfully received by the Piedmontese; both march against the Austrians, who, promptly discomfited, fly in confusion, and never stop till they find themselves in the Tyrol. Then the French march out again, satisfied with the thanks of their allies and the approval of their consciences, and with Savoy and Nice by way of a keepsake, and leaving Lombards, Venetians, &c., busily engaged in crowning Victor Emanuel I., King of Northern Italy. All this will be over in a very short time, and no deviation will be allowed from the above programme. It will be a wonderful performance by very remarkable performers. The sanguine party that cherishes these ideas and professes this belief has had no difficulty in carrying with it the masses of an ardent, impetuous, and impatient Southern population, which masses compose the third class, the most numerous by far, but also by far the least educated and reflecting, and much the least capable of soundly judging what is really the safe and proper course to adopt—the course best calculated to lead to and secure the permanent welfare and independence of their native country. Unfortunately, at the present moment, political passions in Italy are excited to such a pitch, and the clamor and unreflecting enthusiasm are so great, that it would be vain for those Italians who have espoused moderate and reasonable views to hope to make themselves heard, and indeed it would need no small amount of moral courage to lift up their voices in remonstrance.

THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT.—An intelligent correspondent in Europe writes us that the Austrian Government has in reality a great hold on the masses of its people. According to our correspondent, this grows out of the fact that the advantages gained in all parts of Austria, in 1848, by the peasantry over the nobility, the only great revolutionary result which has remained in existence, have been everywhere carefully preserved by the Government. In Galicia, as well as in Bohemia, in Hungary, as well as in Austria proper, the peasantry form the great support of the Government of Vienna. And even in Italy, says our correspondent, it is the same. This alone explains the readiness with which the recruits and men on furlough in Lombardy could be collected from the villages in a few weeks. They arrived at their rendezvous, some with Austrian flags, and shouting *Abbasso i signori*—down with the nobles! The deserters and volunteers in Piedmont are mostly from the towns, the peasants remaining faithful to their colors.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL CONVENTION.—At the Southern Convention, at Vicksburg, Tenn., eight States were represented. Charles Clark, of Mississippi, is the presiding officer.

Resolutions in favor of re-opening the slave trade were offered by Mr. Spratt, of South Carolina.

General Foote denounced Mr. Spratt's sentiments as high treason, the law of the slave States prohibiting the trade.

Resolutions were offered to the effect that it is the duty of the Government to acquire Cuba, and to gain a preponderance of power on the Isthmus, and resistance to the rule of a Republican President was urged.

THE immigration from Europe seems largely on the increase this year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	105	
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	108	—
" 6 " coupon 7ths	103½	104¼
Phila 6 pr ct, old	104	—
" " new	104	105
" 5 "	—	94½
Pitts 6 pr ct	75	—
" 6 coupon	—	55
Alleg'y City 6 pr ct	75	—
" County	—	—
" R R issue	58	514
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	93¾	94½
Penn 6 pr ct	97½	—
" b " coupon	80	81
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Ohio 6 " 1886	103	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99¼
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Ga., State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	92½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	142	—
Philadelphia	117	117½
Far & Mec	58½	—
Commerce	52	—
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	27½	27½
Southwark	69	—
P Township	85½	—
Kensington	66½	—
Girard	51	—
Western	—	20
Mec & Mech	27½	27½
Commerce	57	—
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	97	97½
Consolidation	29½	27
Commonwealth	22	23½
Corn Exchange	—	19
Germantown	56½	60
Pittsburg, Pitts'g	38	—
Exchange "	—	56½
Kentucky Ky.	120	—
Northern "	130	132
Louisville "	115	116
Farmers "	96	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	107½	108
Planters "	112	—
N O Gas Light	143	—
Com & R R Bank		
Wheeling	7	7½
Washington Gas		
Light Co	20	—
Lehigh Zinc	14	14
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	6	—
N American Ins'rce	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	31
Southwark & Frankford RR	—	65
Bonds	91	—

RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.	Bid	Asked.
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	102	103
2nd "	90	90½
stock		
Interest off	40½	41
Cam & Amboy 6		
pr ct bonds 1864	—	97
stock	119½	121½
Reading R R 6		
pr ct bonds '70	—	84
mort 6's '44	—	—
" '60	70	70
stock	23½	23½
Lehigh Valley R R		
mort 6 pr ct	—	90
stock	42	42½
Phila, Wil & Balt		
stock	85	86
6 pr ct ass '60	97	—
Ches Val R R '78	—	44
Texas R R	75	— 95
Williams & Elmira		
7's 1st mort	—	72
2d "	—	51
stock	—	8½
Catawissa	5½	—
Beaver Meadow		
stock	—	58½
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penna R R		
stock	81	82
6 pr ct loan	64	64½
Phil Ger & Nor R R		
stock	51	51½
6 pr ct loan	90	—
Minehill R R	—	59
Har and Lan R R		
stock	55	56½
bonds '85	—	97
L. Schuylkill R R		
stock	19	19½
Long Island R R		
stock	11½	11½
bonds	—	83
Erie R R stock	7½	—
Hudson River R R	5½	—
N Y Centra	70½	—
Michigan Centre	47½	48½
Illinois "	56	—
Michigan Southern	9	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'l Nav 6 pr ct		
loan '62	—	72½
stock, 6 pr ct	—	81
stock	—	9½
preferred	18	19
Lehigh Nav stock	51½	52
mort 6 pr ct	99	100
scrip	28	29
Morris Conso'd		
preferred	107	107½
Ches & Del		
bonds	77½	—
Union	39	—
bonds	35½	36
Sus & Tidewater	4	5
bonds 1879	36½	43

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1050 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Martin's Avenue Drove Yard:—14 head I Abrahams, Lancaster co, 10½@11½; 38 Willard, by D Bradley, Va, 10½@12; 64 S Rhodes & Co, Berks co, 9½@12; 12 M Layer, Union co, 11; 42 Corson, Chester co, 11½@12; 39 S Kurtz, do, 10½ 11½; 40 Kennedy & McClees, 10@11½; 15 W Feller, Ills. 10½@11. Sheep—2000 at market; 6c @ lb for clipped, and 7½@8c for wool.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—34 head Marselman, by McPillen, Lancaster co, 10½@12; 24 Scott & Kimball, Chester co, 10½@12; 6 D Hopkins, Md, 9½@11½; 24 Kimble & Kirk, Chester co, 10@11½; 13 E Meek, do, 10@11; 24 Bastable, Ind, 10@11.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

May 14.—BREADSTUFFS.—The Flour is heavy; sales of 12,000 bbls at $6,65@6,75 for State, $7,65@7,90 for Ohio, and $7,75@8,00 for Southern. Wheat heavy. Sales of 13,000 bus at $1,30 for Western red. Corn heavy; sales of 10,000 bus at 94c for mixed, 95c for white, and 98c for yellow. Pork buoyant; sales of 5500 bbls at $18,75 for Mess, and $15,50 for Prime. Lard firm at 11½@12c. Whiskey dull at 30c.

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BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 14, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.	GEORGIA.
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis	Solvent banks ¼ dis
Relief notes 4-10 dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.
NEW JERSEY.	Solv bks ¼ dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	ALABAMA.
DELAWARE.	Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	MISSISSIPPI.
MARYLAND.	All bks uncertain
Baltimore ¼ dis	LOUISIANA.
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
NEW YORK.	OHIO.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
MAINE.	KENTUCKY.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	INDIANA.
Solv bks ½ dis	State bank ½ dis
VERMONT.	ILLINOIS.
Solv bks ½ dis	Solv bks 2 dis
CONNECTICUT.	MISSOURI.
Solv bks ½ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	TENNESSEE.
Solv bks ½ dis	Old banks 2½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	MICHIGAN.
Solv bks ½ dis	Solv bks 2 dis
VIRGINIA.	WISCONSIN.
Solv bks ½ to ¾ dis	Solv bks 2 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	TEXAS.
Solv bks ½ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank,
NORTH CAROLINA.	Galveston 10 dis
Solv bks ½ to 1 dis	CANADA.
	Solv bks 1 dis

ADVERTISING.

There is no doubt that the great lever in the extension of a business, in these go-ahead times, is advertising; but the immense popularity of that celebrated remedy for Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, &c., HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, is not so much owing to the fact that it has been extensively advertised, as it is to the *great merit* of the article.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Bomberger, Mr. THOMAS F. BROCK, to Miss CORNELIA H. LEIDY, both of this city.

On the 23d of Nov. 1848, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM WINNERS, to Miss CATHARINE E. MARSELAS, both of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, Mr. EDGAR HOARSE, to Miss MARY J. MECOME, both of Montgomery county.

On the 9th of Feb. by the Rev. J. E. Meredith, Mr. WILLIAM K. TAYLOR, to Miss AMELIA WEILER, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. C. A. GUNDAKER, of Pottsville, to Miss MARY B. BUEHLER, daughter of Martin Buehler, Esq.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. G. W. German, Mr. JOHN SENGER, to Miss CHARLOTTE BANKS, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, JAMES SIMPSON, to Miss ELIZA A. MCPETERS, both of this city.

On the 19th of Dec. by the Rev. A. C. Cookman, Mr. JEREMIAH CROSBY, to Miss MATILDA JAMES, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. SARAH J. LAMB, aged 59 years.

On the 9th instant, JAMES HENSHAW, aged 67 years.

On the 10th instant, REBECCA J. SMEDLEY, aged 73 years.

On the 9th instant, CLARA, wife of Rudolph K. Hoeflich, aged 28 years.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. MARGARET ROY, aged 67 years.

On the 9th instant, Mr. CORNELIUS VANBYCKEL, aged 67 years.

On the 8th instant, Mr. BENJAMIN EASTMAN, aged 54 years.

On the 7th instant, JOSEPH Y. MARSHALL, aged 57 years.

On the 7th instant, Mr. BENJ. J. REDHEFFER, aged 56 years.

On the 8th instant, THOMAS S. MURRAY, aged 34 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. SARAH FAUST, aged 80 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. SARAH ANN, wife of B. Plum, aged 51 years.

On the 6th instant, RUDOLPH, son of the late J. Neff, aged 31 years.

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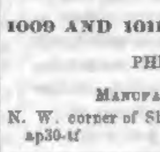

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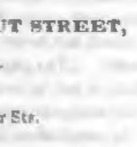

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Wit and Humor

ARTEMAS WARD SEES PICCOLOMINI.

GENTZ—I arroved in Cleveland on Saturday P. M. from Baldinsville jest in time to fix myself up and put on a clean biled rag to attend Miss Picklehomeny's grate musical sorry at the Melodeon. The krowds which pored into the hall augured well for the show bisnis & with cheerful sperrets I jined the enthoosiastic throng. I asked Mr. Strakhosh at the door if he parst the perfession, and he sed not much he didn't, whereupon I bawt a preserved seat in the pit, and obearving to Mr. Strakhosh that he needn't put on so many French airs because he run with a big show, and that he'd better let his weskut cut a few inches or prehaps he'd bust hisself some fine day, I went in and squatted down. It was a sad thawt to think that in all that varst aujience Scarcely a Sole had the honor of my acquaintance. "& this ere," sed I bitturly, "is Fame! What signerfy my wax figgers and livin wild beasts (which hav no ekals) to these people? What do they care because a site of my Kangaroo is worth double the price of admission, and that my Snakes is as harmliss as the new born babe—all of which is strickly troo—?" I shood hav gon on ralein at Fortin and things sum more but jest then Signer Maccarony cum out and sung a hairey from sum opry or other. He had on his store close & looked putty slick, I must say. Nobody didn't understand nothin abowt what he sed and so they applawded him versiferusly. Then Signer Brignoly cum out & sung another hairey. He appeared to be in a Pensiv Mood & sung a Luv song I spose, tho he may have bin cussin the aujience all into a heep for aut I knowd. Then cum Mr. Maccarony agin & Miss Picklehomony himself. They sung a Doit together.

Now yu know, gentz, that I don't admire opry music. But I like Miss Picklehomony's stile. I like har gate. She suits me. There has bin grater singers and there has bin more bootiful wimin, but no more fassinatin young female ever longed for a new gown or side to place her hed agin a vest pattern than Maria Picklehomony. Fassinatin people is her best holt. She was born to make hash of meu's buzzums & other wimin mad because they ain't Picklehomonies. Her face sparkles with amuzin cussedness and about 200 (two hundred) little bit or funny devils air continually dancin champion jigs in her eyes, said eyes being brite enuff to lite a pipe by. How I should like to hav little Maria out on my farm in Baldinsville, Injiany, where she cood run in the tall grass, wrastle with the boys, cut up strong at parin bees, make up faces behind the minister's back, tie auction bills to the skoolmaster's coat-tales, set all the fellers crazy after her, & hollur, & krick up, and go it jest as much as she wanted to. But I diegres. Every time she cum cantering out I grew more and more delited with her. When she bowed her hed I bowed mine. When she powted her lips I powted mine. When she larfed I larfed. When she jerked her head back and took a larfin survey of the audience, sendin a broadside of sassy smiles in among em, I tried to unjint myself & kollapse. When, in tellin how she drempt she lived in Marble Halls, she sed it tickled her more than all the rest to dream she loved her feller still the same, I made a effort to swallow myself; but when, in the next song, she looked strate at me, and called me her Dear, I wildly told the man next to me that he mite hav my close, as I shood not never want 'em agin no more in this world. [The paper containin this communicashun is not to be sent to my famerly in Baldinsville under no circumstances whatsomever.]

In conclusion, Maria, I want you to do well. I know you air a nice gal at hart & yu must get a good husband. He must be a man of branes and gumption & a good provider—a man who will luv yu strong and long—a man who will luv yu jest as much in your old age, when your voice is cracked like an old tea kittle & yu can't get one of your notes discounted at 05 per sent a month, as he will now, when you are young & charmin & full of music, sunshine & fun. Don't marry a snob, Maria. Yu ain't a Angel, Maria, & I'm glad of it. When I see angels in pettycoats I'm always sorry they hain't got wings so thay kin quietly fly off where thay will be appreshiated. Yu air a woman, & a mighty good one too. As for Maccarony, Brignoly, Mullenholler and them other fellers, they can take care of themselves. Old Mac. kin make a comfortable livin choppin cord word if his voice ever gives out, & Amodio looks as tho he might succeed in conductin some quiet toll gate, whare the vittles would be plenty & the labor lite.

I am preparin for the Summer Campane. I shall stay in Cleveland a few days & probly you will hear from me agin ear I leave to once more becum a tosser on life's tempestuous billers, meaning the Show Bisnes.

Very Respectively Yours,
ARTEMUS WARD.

—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

QUICK ON THE TRIGGER.—"You will please observe," said old Mr. Lambwell, as he led us through his school the other day, "that the boys are required to observe the utmost attention to quietness as well as to discipline."

We had at this moment arrived in front of several boys standing around a water bucket, and one had just charged his mouth with the contents of the cup, while the old gentleman was stooping over to recover his pen from the floor, when another passing along behind, snapped his fingers quick under the drinker's ear, and caused him on a sudden to eject the contents of his mouth over the pedagogue's bald pate. Standing upright, with his face and hair dripping, the master shouted:

"Who done that?"

The party unanimously cried out,

"Jim Gun, sir."

"James Gun, what did you do that for?"

Jim, appalled at the mischief he had done, muttered that it was not his fault—that Tom Owen *snapt* him.

This changed the direction of old Lambwell's wrath, and shaking his cane portentously over Owen's head, he asked:

"Did you snap Gun?"

The culprit, trembling with fear, muttered:

"Yes, sir, I snapt Gun—*but I didn't know that he was loaded.*"

RETRACTION.—The following anecdote is told of a distinguished lawyer of Massachusetts, who, but a few years ago, went "the way of all flesh." He had been engaged in a certain cause in Roxbury, wherein he believed the jury had done injustice to his client. Declaiming against the verdict he said:

"The whole of them might have been bribed for a peck of beans!"

"What is that?" said the Judge. "You dishonor yourself and the court, as well as the jury by such an impeachment."

"I meant no disrespect to the court, your honor; and as for myself—"

"You will see the propriety, I hope, of retracting the words."

"With all due deference to your honor I cannot see the propriety of unsaying what is true."

"Do you intend to aggravate the offence by repeating it? Let me tell you, sir, this is not to be suffered, and unless you retract forthwith, we shall deem it necessary to strike you from the rolls of the court."

"Well, since the court insists upon it, I suppose I can do no less than retract."

"And in very ample terms, too."

"Certainly, your honor; and on second thought I do it with great pleasure. I am convinced, now, that I wronged the jury in saying they could be bribed for a *peck* of beans; and thus openly and publicly, I retract the assertion. I hope the court and jury are satisfied."

They expressed themselves in the affirmative, when the lawyer rejoined:

"But may it please the court and jury, had I said half a bushel instead of a peck, I would have been hanged before I would have retracted."

NO TIME TO HESITATE.—A clergyman of one of our Eastern States, who, during his life-time, was as much distinguished for his eccentricity as for his talents, and for the sincerity and fervor of his piety, dined one Thanksgiving day with the senior deacon of his church. The deacon, being an old-fashioned man, was in the habit of asking blessings of a most wearisome length. On this occasion he was particularly prolix, and finally was forced to pause to gain a new supply of breath and words. The instant he stopped the pastor sat down and commenced rattling his knife and fork. The worthy deacon, very much disconcerted by the conduct of his reverend guest, opened one eye, and, looking down to him, exclaimed, "Doctor! Doctor! I'm not through yet; I only hesitated." "Hesitated!" replied the Doctor; "it's no time to hesitate when a turkey's cooling!"

IRISH WIT.—An undergraduate (Oxford) furnishes us with an amusing illustration of the characteristic, and often poetical, phraseology peculiar to the Irish peasantry. "A bald-headed beggar came up to a tourist, at Killarney, and solicited charity. A female beggar came up immediately afterwards, and said, 'Oh, sir, don't give the bald-headed rascal anything; he is a bad character!' The gentleman said, 'Do you hear what this good woman says of you? Is it true?' The male beggar replied, 'How can that be, sir, when there is not a hair between me and heaven!'"

GUANO AS FOOD.

The varied appetites and tastes of man have brought out many dishes which other generations have strictly forbidden, and although rats, and mice, and snakes, and frogs have, in many places come into popular favor, we were not prepared for the announcement that Peruvian guano must soon become an edible luxury. Stranger things have, however, happened, and for the benefit of those who may wish to enjoy this new and healthy strengthening dish, we will give the method of preparing it, reminding them at the same time that the process has been patented in England, by a Mr. Wm. Clark, the inventor of the process, and discover of its uses, as here set forth.

Put two and a half pounds of guano, of the Isles of Peru, with three quarts of water in an enameled stew-pan, boil it for three or four hours, then let it cool; after standing sometime, separate the clear liquid, and about a quart of this *healthy* extract is obtained. Now, it is proved by the opinion of learned men, that the more aliments are azotized, the more they are strengthened, and hence the inventor infers, that as guano is composed of matters the most so, it is, and must be peculiarly adapted for all classes of society, and especially for those who have much exertion and have not the means of buying meat. Mr. Clark sets forth, in his specification, that two or three table-spoonsful of this extract distributed in the food of one who lives on vegetables, is equal to at least two pounds of meat, and would give him as much strength as good meat at discretion, with the advantage that this extract gives to the vegetables a very agreeable taste! Of course too much should not be used, or it will be as repugnant as pepper or vinegar, but if used with proper discretion, it is said to be remarkably strengthening.

By its use, too, certain maladies, sometimes almost incurable, are said to be easily removed, and phthisis, paralysis, &c., are prevented by the use of a small portion daily. There are other marvelous properties in this new extract which we must now mention. Everyone knows that good tools are the soul of industry, and that they must be produced before great manufacturing wealth can exist. The art of working steel in ancient times was in such high perfection that they were able to give this metal the softness and pliancy of silk, and the excellence of the Damascus blade, which no nation has since been able to more than imitate. Their method of manufacture has been lost, and all efforts of modern times have proved futile in its resuscitation. Mr. Clark, however, the discoverer of this extract, claims, without fear of being contradicted, that he has reproduced this secret lost for centuries.

His extract of guano hardens iron, and gives it the properties of steel; while to steel it gives the fineness, sharpness and softness of the Damascus manufacture. This, too, is the formula, which is very simple:—Temper the steel and iron in the extract of guano, at eight degrees of strength, as indicated by Baume, and it will produce these marvelous results. The more they are tempered anew the better they become, qualities contrary to the ordinary tempering.—*Scientific Artizan.*

DELIGHTFUL BOY.—"Oh! look 'ere, Jim! Here's a swell—let's frighten 'is 'orse!"

Agricultural.

WORK FOR MAY.

CORN PLANTING.—The preparation of the corn ground will now be pushed on as urgently as possible. Bear in mind the necessity of closer planting than is usual, to give you a full crop of corn. While five feet square will give about 1,700 hills, four feet each way, will give 2,700, and three and a half feet each way, more than 3,700 hills. With manure enough and proper working, this number will grow as well without firing and burning as that first named. But you must not put off working it until July. You cannot go with plough or cultivator into corn six to eight feet high—the roots branching through every inch of the soil, without doing it irreparable damage. We say therefore again work your corn before it is planted, and work it immediately after it is planted, plant closely, and "lay by" early, if you expect to make a full crop.

Get on quickly now with the planting—rolling the dry corn in tar till each grain is coated slightly, and sprinkling with gypsum or dry ashes to separate the grains.

TOBACCO.—Get rid of your old crop of Tobacco immediately after corn-planting if possible.

Give strict attention to plant beds, keeping them clear of grass, and top-dressing frequently. After corn-planting, give a portion of tobacco ground a second ploughing, and be ready for your plants as they get size for setting out. Do not be in a hurry to set out small plants, but it is very bad management to lose a "season" by failure to have the ground in readiness.

CLOVER FIELDS.—If you wish the land to have the benefit of the clover crop, be not tempted to turn in the stock until it comes into bloom. The greatest benefit to the soil is obtained, by turning into the field when in full bloom, stock enough to trample quickly much the greater portion of it to the ground. If the clover is to be cut for hay, it is not thought to be sufficiently matured until about half of the blossoms have turned brown.

POTATOES.—This crop is constantly growing in importance. As to kind, we should plant always a good variety of white potato. We have not yet met with a yellow potato that any animal above a hog should eat, and it is amazing to see the variety of miserable roots with which the market is glutted, called potatoes. For the main crop, the Peach Blow stands high as to quality and productiveness. The Foxite (white) we know by experience to be excellent in quality, and much more productive than the Mercer. The Mercer is an old favorite as to quality, but a poor producer. There are several other varieties, which are highly spoken of north of us by their several advocates, as the Prince Albert and the Buckeye, which have not been tested with us. The Carter though a good potato has declined in popularity.

The crop should be planted on a rich, well turned sod, if it can be had; though any well worked, well manured ground will do. Where rot is feared, it is very desirable, we think, to manure the sod sufficiently in the Fall by top-dressing, and to apply only a moderate dressing of ashes and plaster at the time of planting. We are in the habit, however, of using all sorts of manures with success in immediate connexion with the plantings. Peruvian Guano is very good, put in the drills at planting. Stable and other long manures, we put on top of the plantings before covering. It acts as a mulch, and what is very important to this crop, preserves a uniform temperature.

Time of Planting.—Much difference of opinion exists as to the time of planting potatoes for the main or late crop. The almost universal recommendation of the Agricultural Journals is to plant early. As early even as April and the beginning of May. It is supposed that the early planting exempts the crop in a measure from the liability to rot. We doubt very much the correctness of this theory, and think it should not be considered in determining the question. Our droughts are most likely to take place between the middle of June and the middle of August. It is no advantage to the crop to have the tubers forming at any time during this period. If it begins to bloom by the middle of August there will be time enough to mature in this latitude, and the growth of the tuber will be going on during a period when the temperature of the earth will be more congenial, and when they will be most likely to have sufficient moisture. One of the largest crops we have ever made was in a season which was very unusually dry until a fine rain came on the 16th of September. With a remarkably flourishing growth of vines, there was not a tuber formed until this rain occurred. Our experience was the same in the past year, with a crop planted in July and just out of the ground by the first of August. We never made a better crop. Our opinion of the time of planting is, that the middle of June is soon enough, and we should not plant earlier unless as a matter of special convenience.

ROOT CROPS.—All root crops except turnips, should be got in the ground this month or early in June. The sugar beet and mangold wurtzel bear transplanting as well as cabbages, and it may be a convenience to avail yourself of this fact.

PUMPKINS, CYMBLINS, &c.—These crops should be planted during the month.

HONEY BLADE GRASS.—The "Honey Blade" claims to be a superior kind of Hungarian Grass, and the seed is sold at a *very superior* price. And the Hungarian claims to be better than the old fashioned German millet. They are all good for those who want an addition to their stock of Hay at short notice. They will give a crop if the season be favorable in sixty days after the sowing of the seed; and yield twice as much as timothy from land of the same quality. There should be half bushel of seed to make fine hay—a peck is enough to give a full crop of seed. It is an exhausting crop, and should be put on in well manured and well prepared land. It leaves the ground clean and in good order for fall seeding. The first of June is time enough to sow, and any time during that month.

SUGAR MILLET.—After the middle of the month is time enough for this crop. It is a delicate plant when young, but strong and vigorous when it advances a little. Plant in drills 3½ to 4 feet apart, and thin to 12 inches distance in the drill. A small lot of it convenient to the hog pasture, will be valuable for their use in the months of August and September.

FIELD PEAS.—The field pea for whatever purpose should be got in the ground by the last of the month or early in June. Our opinion of its value as a fertilizer, has been very often given. If intended for this purpose, sow 1½ or 2 bushels per acre after the middle of the month. Should there be a scant supply of seed it would not be amiss to mix one-third or one-half the quantity of Indian corn with it—sowing all together, and ploughing under with a light furrow after the grass is well started upon the ground. A small lot of these peas would be a valuable auxiliary in feeding your hogs, in the Fall; and at anyrate, raise enough in the corn-field for family use, and for seed next year, should you want them.

SHEEP SHEARING.—Sheep shearing should be attended to in due time, to avoid loss of fleece, and to relieve the animal from the oppressive covering as warm weather advances. It is made a question now, as to washing the fleece on the back of the sheep, whether it is not attended with much more injury to the flock, than advantage to the fleece. Give careful attention in shearing, to prevent clipping and gashing the flesh, as well as to have the wool neatly and carefully taken off.—*American Farmer, Baltimore.*

SCARE CROWS—IMITATIO NATURÆ.—The practice of stuffing old articles of male or female attire, as pantaloons, dresses, or other fabrics of that ilk, has, we are credibly informed, been long in vogue—perhaps a century—in England. But we think an improvement can be made on it, and one too that is better adapted to this continent, in consequence of the prevalence of the *live* material rendering the means more accessible with us than in the British Islands.

Our suggested improvement consists in stuffing hawks, owls, and other birds of prey, and suspending them in such attitudes as they are most dreaded in when alive, by the small birds, in similar positions, as in cherry trees, &c., &c. The skins of carnivorous animals, as cats, &c., could also be stuffed and suspended in like manner.

If this be skillfully resorted to, I have little doubt but that it will be found an effective means, and perhaps the "next best thing" to the "live presence" of such of the smaller carnivora, as prey upon, and are naturally "a terror and snare" to the generally useful, but sometimes mischievous songsters and denizens of the woods.—*Country Gent.*

☞ AN INDISPUTABLE WILL.—A farmer made his last will and testament in words few but significant:—"I have nothing, I owe nothing, and I give the rest to the poor!"

CHARCOAL FOR SWINE.—It is not, perhaps, generally known, that one of the best articles that can be given to swine, while in preparation for the tub, is common charcoal. The nutritive properties are so great that they have subsisted on it, without other food, for weeks together. Geese confined so as to deprive them of motion, and fattened on three grains of corn per day, and as much coal as they can devour, have become fattened in eight days. The hog eats voraciously, after a little time, and is never sick while he has a good supply.

Useful Receipts.

HOW TO MAKE SPRUCE BEER.—As the season is at hand when pleasant summer drinks, free from undue alcoholic influence, are frequently brewed by the housewife, or the well-brought-up daughters, who are taught a little of everything in the way of household duties—we append the following receipts, which are claimed to be excellent:—

1. Take three gallons of water, of blood warmth, three half-pints of molasses, a table-spoonful of essence of spruce, and the like quantity of ginger—mix well together with a gill of yeast; let stand over night and bottle in the morning. It will be in good condition to drink in twenty-four hours. It is a palatable, wholesome beverage.

2. Those who prefer mead have only to substitute honey for the molasses named above, and for one-third the ginger use allspice. Half the quantity of yeast will be found sufficient, and the bottling should occur the second day instead of the next morning. It will be fit to drink in four days after being bottled, and will keep for many weeks. A small quantity of alcohol is formed during the fermentation, and this prevents the acetous fermentation so common to spruce beer. The essence of spruce is of course left out in the making of mead. The alcohol formed from the fermentation of honey, resembles that found in *metheglin*, while the alcohol from the fermentation of molasses is *rum*. Those who imagine that they can make either spruce beer or mead without forming any alcohol, are mistaken.

3. Prepare a five or ten gallon keg, in proportion to the size of the family—draw a piece of coarse bobinet, or very coarse book-muslin over the end of the faucet that is inserted into the keg, to prevent its choking, a good tight bung, and near to that a gimlet hole, with a peg to fit it tight.

RECIPE FOR FIVE GALLONS.—One quart of sound corn put into the keg, with half a gallon of molasses; then fill with cold water to within two inches of the bung. Shake well, and in two or three days it will be fit for use. Bung tight.

If you want spruce flavor, add one teaspoonful of essence of spruce—lemon, if lemon is preferred—ginger, or any flavor you prefer. The corn will last to make five or six brewings; when it is exhausted, renew it. When the beer passes from the vinous to the acetous fermentation, it can be corrected by adding a little more molasses and water.

This is a simple, cheap beverage, costing about three cents a gallon. After the beer becomes ripe, it ought to be kept in a cool place to prevent it from becoming sour before it is exhausted.

SALT A UNIVERSAL REMEDY.—I had just finished reading Prof. Johnson's remarks on Mr. Cleveland's theory of salt as a "*universal expounder*" and a "*universal remedy*," when over went my inkstand upon a beautiful light drab table-cover, to my great consternation, as my wife had often cautioned me against this very thing. I rushed for the *salt*-cellar, and emptied its contents over the black mass of ink, and in five minutes the stain had wholly disappeared! I doubted Mr. Cleveland's theory before, but ought I to doubt it any longer?

There is one point, however, in which my experience differs from Mr. Cleveland's theory—I emptied the salt *over* and *upon* the ink, and it *descended* into the cloth and effected the desired object.

One thing is certain, whether salt be a universal remedy or not, viz.:—*it will surely, if applied immediately, prevent ink stains.*—*Country Gentleman.*

A REMEDY FOR BRONCHITIS.—Having seen it stated that dried mullen leaves smoked in a common pipe would cure bronchitis, my wife concluded to test the matter, and after a few month's use she thinks she is cured.—*Correspondent Rural New Yorker.*

THE MOTHER, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage,
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.
Then crown her Queen o' the world. —*Old Play.*

☞ Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels; first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and, secondly, to examine whether that, on which we differ, is worth contending about.

☞ It is related that Dr. P——, of Boston, was once invited by a friend to visit the theatre and see a new play. The friend proposed taking seats near the orchestra. "Oh, no," said the doctor, "I have a slight cold, and doubt the propriety of *sitting near those wind instruments!*"

☞ Fanny Fern says: "If one-half of the girls knew the previous lives of the men they marry, the list of old maids would be wonderfully increased." Whereupon the Boston Post asks: "If the men knew what their future lives were to be, wouldn't it increase the list of old maids still further?"

☞ KEENNESS AND SUBTLETY.—Few men of genius are *keen*, but almost every man of genius is *subtle*. If you ask me the difference between *keenness* and *subtlety*, I answer that it is the difference between a point and edge. To split a hair is no proof of subtlety, for subtlety acts in distinguishing differences, in showing that two things apparently one are in fact two; whereas to split a hair is to cause a division, not to distinguish difference.—*Coleridge Table-Talk, p.* 148.

☞ I hate lounging lolloping men. By day be vertical, by night horizontal, but in no case diagonal.—*Punch.*

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 51 letters.
My 6, 42, 47, 30, 36, 3, was a celestial deity.
My 5, 9, 48, 23, 7, 1, 36, 33, 50, 46, 45, 17, was one of the three infernal judges.
My 34, 9, 7, 28, 13, 37, was the ferryman of hell.
My 19, 27, 39, 10, 51, were three daughters of Jupiter by Themis.
My 11, 49, 7, 30, 32, 22, were three daughters of Bacchus and Venus, that were supposed to give to beauty its attractions, and render even homeliness pleasing.
My 3, 4, 5, 35, 21, 14, 16, were nymphs of the sea.
My 45, 42, 42, 37, 29, were rural deities.
My 43, 20, 7, 37, was a bird sacred to Juno.
My 26, 18, 47, 19, was an animal sacred to Mars.
My 3, 7, 2, 48, 13, 43, were nymphs of rivers.
My 8, 15, 5, 25, 31, 3, 42, 51, was a rural deity.
My 41, 28, 48, 39, 24, was one of the Muses.
My 31, 38, 7, 47, 21, 27, was a temple dedicated to Venus.
My 43, 2, 49, 44, 33, 51, were sea divinities.
My whole was a celestial deity. CINROS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 23, 2, 14, 29, 24, 5, 16, 3, 21, 26, is a town of California.
My 7, 22, 12, 14, 8, is a town of European Turkey.
My 28, 15, 2, 10, 13, 30, is an island of Polynesia.
My 15, 26, 6, 22, 5, is a mount of Arabia.
My 9, 28, 30, 21, is a river of Africa.
My 14, 11, 18, 5, 2, is a division of Africa.
My 20, 22, 25, 5, 19, 8, 14, is a river of the Middle States.
My 1, 22, 28, 14, 16, 13, is one of the United States.
My 13, 8, 16, 4, is a cape of Asia.
My 16, 17, 1, 8, 19, 25, 22, is an island of Malaysia.
My 6, 24, 27, 28, 22, is a division of Africa.
My whole is the name and a great scheme of one of our Presidents. C. J. K.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the rolling waves
Of the stormy deep,
Where in coral graves
Many loved ones sleep
I do dwell.

In the public street,
With its busy throng,
Where proud and humble meet
As they pass along,
Fate binds me.

In the meadows green,
Where the birds do sing,
And the flowers are seen
Early in the spring,
You'll find me.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first mankind alone possess,
And often use to gain redress;
A willing agent at your side,
Both when you walk and when you ride.
My second is a slur, a *slant*,
On some mean dog or miscreant.
My third's a leader of the *van*,
Some potentate, or titled man.
My whole the vain will oft display,
In texture fine and colors gay.

Waupan, Wis. FLORIDA.

ANAGRAMS
OF CITIES AND TOWNS IN OHIO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Any supper skud.	Pots run tho.
Bone lan.	I notes wun.
Mil went gin.	Met roses.
Toc hos noc.	Aint left bel one.
Oh rob sill.	T. T. W.

Martinsburg, Va.

MENSURATION QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I build myself a large corn-crib of the following dimensions:—Length of the crib, 18 feet below, and 21 feet above; Width of the crib, 6 feet below, and 8 feet above; The perpendicular height of the crib being 12 feet. On which I build a roof slanted in from the two long sides to the ridge-pole in the middle above; but at the ends the regular outward slant is continued; thus making the said ridge pole 21½ in length: the gable ends being high 2 feet perpendicular in the middle. Now, suppose my crib, from the bottom to the very ridge of the roof, is well filled with ears of corn, and if it takes 2553.63 cubical inches for making 1 bushel heaped measure, and a double bushel heaped measure in ears to make 1 Winchester bushel of 2150 2-5 cubical inches of shelled corn: how many bushels of shelled corn may I expect to obtain from said large corn-crib? and how many feet of 1¼ inch boards will it take to make a large cubical box, with bottom and cover, for the holding of the said shelled corn?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a damsel with reddish brown hair like a prisoner in one of the New York State prisons? Ans.—Because she is under Auburn locks.

☞ SO BAD!—Why is Alison's History like the prevalent fashion of crinoline? Ans.—Because, says an historical critic, it is in a *round-about style.*

☞ A CON. FOR HEIRS-AT-LAW.—If the father is the *Head* of the family, what is the eldest son? Ans.—Why, the *Heir*, (hair) to be sure.

☞ FOR LOVERS ONLY.—Why is a kiss like scandal? Ans.—Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—Founding of the Roman Empire by Romulus and Remus. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Every way of a man is right in his own eyes, but the Lord pondereth the heart. CHARADE—Mallam. RIDDLE—Maple. CHARADE—Flesh. ANAGRAMS—Ribbon, Trent, Cape, Mets, Branco, Madeira, Dnieper, Rhone, Wartha, Ebro, Save, Euphrates.

☞ Marriage is the best state for man in general; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.—*Dr. Johnson.*